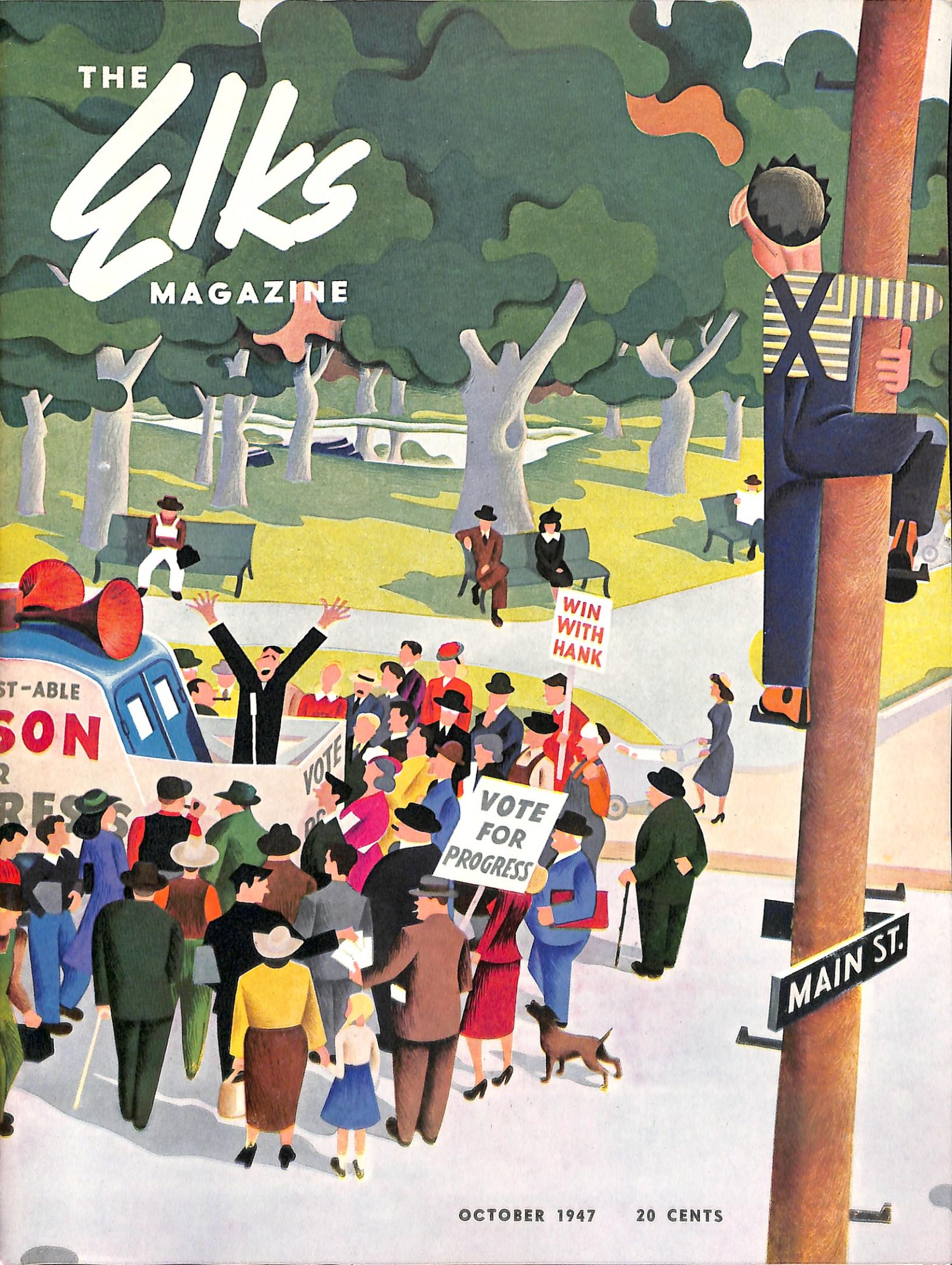


THE
Elks
MAGAZINE



OCTOBER 1947

20 CENTS

SUNNY SAYS:

*No other whiskey's caught the savor
of Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor*



There's nothing else like SCHENLEY'S SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR!

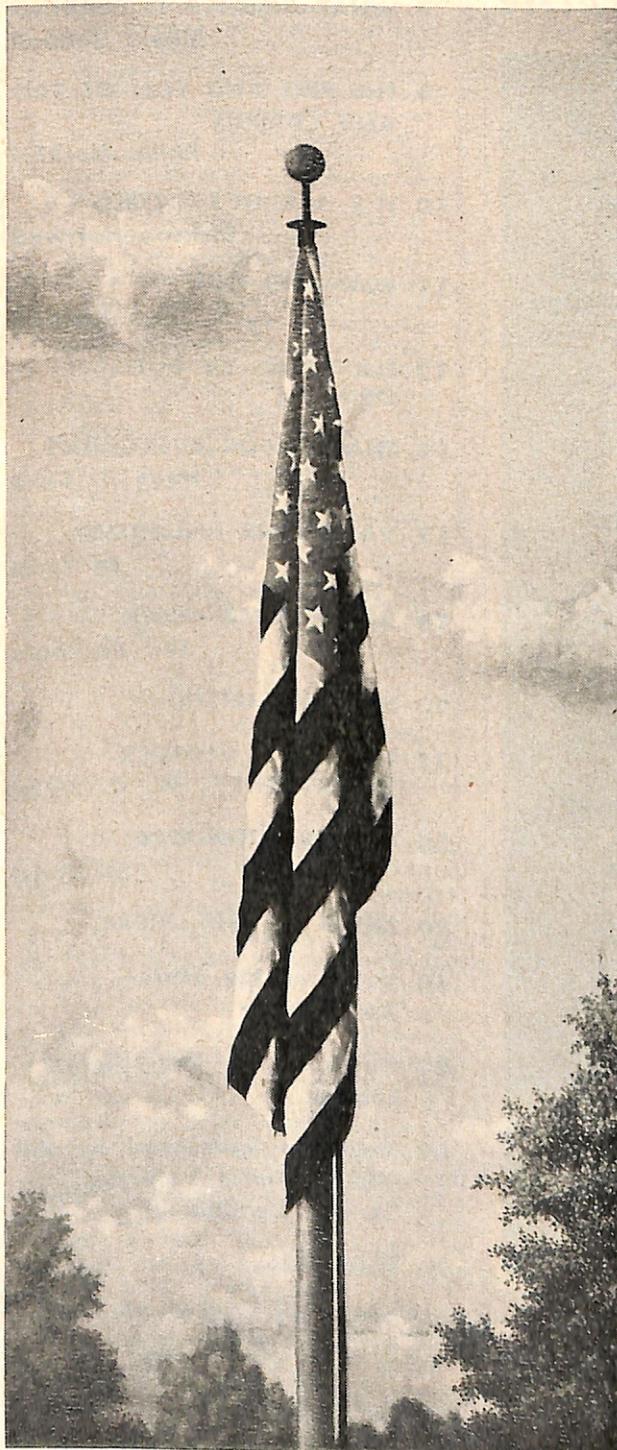
Nowhere else in the entire realm of quality whiskies will you find an "extra" . . . a "plus" of enjoyment like Schenley's Sunny Morning Flavor! A whiskey outstanding as this is bound to be America's Most Popular . . . and it is!

SCHENLEY
RESERVE



*Now available in the
pre-war decanter bottle,
as well as the familiar round
bottle. In both—traditional
Schenley quality . . . from
the world's greatest treasure
of whiskey reserves.*

A message from THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



From the painting "Our Flag", by Fred Tripp. Courtesy of the McCleary Clinic and Hospital, Excelsior Springs, Mo.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

AT THE time of my election in Portland, Oregon, I told you of some of my plans and hopes for our Order.

I told you that I wanted, with your help, to make our Order stronger and finer and even more respected in every home. I told you that I wanted all 900,000 Elks marshalled militantly to protect our American form of government.

We have already received a substantial dividend. I quote briefly from a letter received this day from Sid Woodbury, President of the Portland Chamber of Commerce, "On my part, as a citizen and President of the Chamber of Commerce, may I congratulate you most sincerely on the conduct and good feeling shown by each and every Elk while he was in our city. . . . I have not heard a single unfriendly comment, but on the contrary, it was the unanimous opinion—and I mean unanimous—that it was perhaps the most orderly and appreciative large convention that has ever been held in Portland. . . . All in all, Mr. Lewis, I would say that this Convention in Portland can be held up as a model and pattern for the future." I know that is something of which every Elk can be intensely proud, and that he will strive, at all times, to uphold this fine reputation.

I informed you that I was going to see that the laws of our Order were strictly enforced as I know you would want me to enforce them—without favor and without partiality.

All Elks believe as I do that the American form of government is the greatest that has ever been conceived on this earth. We must not sleep while our priceless heritage is being attacked from within, and without, our borders. The Order of Elks believes in a government that is neither to the left nor to the right. It is straight down the middle of the road. No communist, fascist or klansman has a right to call himself an American.

I intend to bring this message home to every Elk and every American who will listen. I know that I can definitely count on your help to back me up on every proper effort dedicated to the preservation of American rights and American liberties.

I am deeply grateful for the privilege to serve our beloved Order and our Country.

Fraternally yours,

L. A. LEWIS

GRAND EXALTED RULER

OCTOBER, CONTENTS



If you can catch a leprechaun...

A **leprechaun**, according to Irish legend, is a dwarf who keeps a pot of gold hidden away.

If you can catch a leprechaun, your troubles are over.

Because he keeps his gold just for ransom money. If you catch him, he'll quickly tell you where his gold is, so you'll let him go.

The best place to look for a leprechaun is in the woods. They're green, and only about nine inches tall, so you'll have to—

Or maybe you don't believe in leprechauns.

Maybe it would be more practical to just keep working for your money. But you can learn one good lesson from these little fellows.

A small pot of gold put to one side is a great help when trouble catches you.

And there's a much faster and easier way to get your pot of gold than by catching leprechauns. You can buy U. S. Savings Bonds through an *automatic* purchase plan.

If you're employed you can sign up for the Payroll Savings Plan. If you have a bank account you can sign up for the Bond-a-Month Plan. Either way, your pot of gold just saves itself, painlessly and automatically.

Save the easy,
automatic way—with
U.S. Savings Bonds

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THE *Elks* MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE
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OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF
AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE
DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY
THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND
PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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EDITORIAL OFFICES, 50 E. 42nd St.,
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by Sam Norkin

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

The National Memorial and Publication Commission, charged with the management and publication of The Elks Magazine, announces with pleasure that, effective September 1st, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson became General Manager of the Magazine.

Subject to the direction of the Commission, Mr. Nicholson will devote his full time to the duties of his position and will have full charge of the Magazine and will perform the duties usually performed by the Publisher and General Manager of a magazine of similar character.

The Commission feels that it and the Order are fortunate to secure the services of Mr. Nicholson whose business experience, ability and long acquaintance with and service to Elksdom make him particularly well fitted for the work he will carry on.

Mr. Nicholson, in order to assume his new duties, has resigned as a member of the Commission, and Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis has appointed Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878, to succeed him.

The Commission bespeaks for Mr. Nicholson the full support, aid and cooperation of every loyal Elk.

Bruce A. Campbell
BRUCE A. CAMPBELL
CHAIRMAN

OUR feature article this month is a noteworthy piece contributed, at our request, by Claude G. Bowers, former Ambassador to Spain and present Ambassador to Chile. Mr. Bowers is also one of America's most widely read historians. His detailed account of the history of the Declaration of Independence, which appears on page 4 of this issue, is an outstanding example of his work.

Philip Harkins, on page 8, has dreamed up a new angle on the perennial controversy posed by the exponents, pro and con, of professional football. Harkins answers a question often asked—why is it that meteoric college football players sometimes act just like meteors—coming down as fast as they went up?

"Thanks for Everything" is a story for which we thank one of our most frequent contributors, Hugh B. Cave.

The Elks Panel of Public Opinion has asked its members a vital question. We believe the result of the poll will surprise you.

C. P.

"I've just made
a young man
very happy"



"WHY this idea didn't dawn on me sooner, I'll never know. The Regular Army is the career for my nephew, Jack—but it took me three months to think of suggesting it!

"Here he's been casting about since graduation, disliking jobs he's looked over, dissatisfied with the one he's had until now. Just couldn't settle his mind. Seemed to want to move around more, trying his hand at several types of work. You know how far that gets you.

"And Jack has promise! He's smart. He's built like an athlete. He has the makings of a good family man. I felt sure he'd make the grade for enlistment. And he has!

"Well, he's a changed man already—so far as outlook goes. The Army Recruiting Officer outlined the types of work Jack could take training and schooling for. He showed him pictures of the clubs, sports fields and rest hotels they've opened in Japan. He showed how the layout of the new Infantry division almost doubles the number of corporals and sergeants. The Army's a good set-up for a fellow like Jack—and he knows it!

"Talk it over with the young men you know. And don't forget—your nearest Army Recruiting Officer can be a big help."

*When you find a prospect who has what it takes,
direct him to the nearest Army Recruiting Station*

U. S. ARMY AND AIR FORCE RECRUITING SERVICE



Your Army and Air Force Serve the Nation and Mankind in War and Peace

Independence, U.S.A.

**The Declaration of Independence not only
had to be fought for; it had to be written.**

THE popular impression that the Declaration of Independence came in response to a spontaneous and imperative demand of the people does not stand the test of scrutiny. The idea that all, or most, of the patriots who for some years lead the fight against the stamp and tea tax and the navigation laws were motivated by the determination to break the connection with the British Empire is equally false. Throughout almost the entirety of the American battle of polemics with George III and his inept, or supine, Ministry, the American demand was for no more than the constitutional rights of the British people in England. The controversy in the Colonies was merely the transfer to American soil of the age-old struggle of the English Whigs and Tories. The obnoxious laws against which the Americans made their protests over a period of several years were proposed and passed under the whip of the ministerial party in a parliament which represented but a meager portion of the English people. The country gentry vastly overshadowed in power the commercial and industrial interests, and the sparsely settled region of Cornwall had more representatives in the House of Commons than did the city of London. Through the rotten borough system, and wholesale corruption, the court party dominated the elections. At the time of the repeal of the tea tax it developed that most of the members of the House who had voted its passage had no recollection of the measure at all.

The Revolution was forced on the Americans by the incredible stupidity and stubbornness of a Hanoverian King whose concept of kingship was that of the 17th Century, and whose mind, often verging on madness, finally was enveloped in the darkness of actual insanity.

Some American histories convey the false impression that Lord North, the Prime Minister, was a black reactionary, without prescience or understanding. Far from it. He was a clever man of great charm, who thought the offensive laws imposed on the colonies neither just nor wise. But he went through his career at a languid pace, clinging to office through a cynical sacrifice of his judgment, enjoying the prestige of place, the delights of great houses, rich dinners and good wines, accepting the absurdities of his king with a shrug of his shoulders.

It was inevitable, in a parliament such as described, that the greater part of the members were men without vision or personal influence. The most famous and brilliant were arrayed in opposition to the tyranic policy toward the Colonies. Chatham, in protest, thundered against it in immortal orations, and Burke in two of the greatest speeches in English literature.

The vision of the country gentry, constituting the greater part of the parliament, scarcely penetrated beyond the boundary of their fields and pastures; but the mercantile and industrial classes of the cities foresaw the disastrous consequence of the king's policy if unchecked. Richard Price, following largely the line of Chatham and Burke in England and Jefferson in America, launched a pamphlet attack on the policy toward the Colonies, and it is significant of the feeling of the mercantile circles that this pamphlet ran through many

editions, and the author was granted the Freedom of the City of London by the Lord Mayor at an impressive ceremony, in appreciation of this work setting forth the position of the Americans. This was as late as March 14, 1776, four months before the proclamation of the Declaration of Independence.

It is not remarkable, therefore, that almost all the American leaders clung until the last minute to the hope that they could win their battle for American rights within the framework of the Empire. In his famous "Summary View of the Rights of British America", Jefferson himself, in a peroration, appealing to the king, protested that "the Americans wish for the preservation of harmony between America and the Empire", and that "it is neither our wish nor our interest to separate from her". But, treading on each other's heels from the inner circles of the king, came one objectionable measure after another. For the unification of the forces of resistance, Samuel Adams, supported by Jefferson and Richard Henry Lee, proposed a Continental Congress to determine an all-American program and strategy. But even then, with very few exceptions, there was no thought that it would give birth to a Declaration of Independence.

But the summoning of the Congress aroused popular



Illustrated by BERN HILL

BY CLAUDE G. BOWERS, the former Ambassador to Spain and the present Ambassador to the Republic of Chile. Mr. Bowers, aside from his career in the Foreign Service, is also a historian. Here he presents, in capsule form, the story of how the Declaration of Independence was composed and written.



enthusiasm. The progress of the delegates to Philadelphia was a triumphant procession. In every town and hamlet they were received with acclamation, greeted and accompanied by militiamen, wined, dined—warmly entertained. Those passing through New York found themselves in the midst of a fiesta, the streets congested with carriages, the doors, windows and roofs crowded with cheering patriots, with men marching and bands playing lively airs. Six miles from Philadelphia, two hundred leading men of the community, mounted and with drawn swords, joined the procession into the town where the bells in all the churches were pealing, and men, women and children in exhilarated mood were crowding the streets to cheer.

But, with few exceptions, no one was thinking of actually breaking the British connection.

NOTHING could be more conclusive of the indisposition to break away from the Empire than a study of the proceedings and the temper of the First Continental Congress. Men immortal in American history crowded into Smith's Tavern to eat, drink and talk politics, and flocked to the houses of the rich merchants to continue their flamboyant conversations over the flowing bowl. A few irreconcilables, such as Sam Adams, observed with consternation and disgust that the delegates were being worked upon by the "social lobby" of elegant men and charming women devoted to the king. If not to the king, at least to the British connection. At that time, the redoubtable Sam Adams had just two sympathizers in the Virginia delegation in the fiery Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee. Opposing Lee, among the Virginians, was the grossly fat, but exceptionally able, Ben Harrison, voicing the sentiments of the conservatives of the Old Dominion. John Jay and the New York delegation were sentimentally attached to the British connection. The Pennsylvanians produced the two ablest and most distinguished opponents of independence in Joseph Galloway, rich, powerful, clever, and John Dickinson, a brilliant and polished leader of the Philadelphia Bar, who were disposed lightly to brush aside a mellow old man who more than any other, until then, had served the cause of the Americans—Ben Franklin. But more impressive and important, in the light of later events, was a silent, "hard-faced" man "with an easy, soldier-like air and gesture" named George Washington, who impatiently frowned on all suggestions of independence.

The policy of Galloway was one of conciliation through appeasement. He planned to wear out the ardor of the more tempestuous patriots through cleverly conceived subterfuges. He proposed sending a commission to London, and Franklin, long there, smiled. If it accomplished nothing it could remain to observe

and advise. Thus nothing would happen. He then sought to divert attention from the primary purpose of the Congress with an utterly fantastic plan for a Constitution for the Empire. Talk was interminable; action nil. When the appeasers pounced on every petition or memorial for futile debate, John Adams sourly wrote home that "these great wits, these subtle critics, these refined geniuses, these learned lawyers, these wise statesmen are so fond of showing their parts and powers as to make their consultations very tedious". But Galloway continued to dominate the Congress, packing the committees with friends of the king, excluding patriots such as John Adams, who made his resentment felt.

Meanwhile, the appeasers were getting no cooperation from the king. He was clearly preparing to use force. When Paul Revere galloped into Philadelphia with the stirring resolutions of Suffolk County, Massachusetts, and Carpenter's Hall rang with cheers, a Pennsylvania delegate proposed a motion that if the Old Bay State persisted in its plan of physical resistance she would be left to her own resources, and Galloway sprang up to second the motion.

In the meantime, the man in the street was beginning to take notice, and Galloway turned up his aristocratic nose. He announced that the appeasers were "men of property", and the others mere "Congregational or Presbyterian republicans, or men of bankrupt fortunes, overwhelmed in their debt to British merchants". To him, it was as simple as that. And then, "that man" Sam Adams! Contemptuous of money, indifferent to dress, Galloway described him as

a man who "eats little, drinks little, sleeps little, thinks much, and is most decisive and indefatigable in the pursuit of his objects". For Adams was looking beyond Carpenter's Hall to the man in the street. Day after day he sat in his room writing letters ceaselessly and organizing the masses in Boston, and he even had the effrontery to martial, organize and munition them in Philadelphia under the very nose of Galloway. He was "a dangerous man". But the first Congress felt it had accomplished something when it authorized John Dickinson to write another petition to the king, devout in loyalty to his person, and falsely ascribing the vicious measures of oppression to Ministers acting without his knowledge. The thought of independence was so remote that on the eve of adjournment, Washington went to the lodgings of John Adams and Richard Henry Lee to ask their assurance that nothing of the sort was in contemplation. The assurance was given, with tongues in their cheeks.

BEFORE Congress met again, the British army in Boston turned its guns on the patriots of Lexington and Concord and the embattled farmers fired the shot heard 'round the world. Spies had discovered that a Major Skene had arrived in America, en route to Philadelphia, with "unlimited orders to draw on the treasury for any sums necessary to bribe and buy members of the Congress". Washington, no longer an appeaser after Bunker Hill, had accepted the command of the Colonial Army. The king was scouring the courts of Europe to find mercenary soldiers. Another petition of pious

(Continued on page 30)



What America is Reading

BY ALBERT HUBBELL

The author of "What Makes Sammy Run?" comes up with another controversial novel.

BUD SCHULBERG first came to the attention of the American reading public with a sharp, cynical and glibly clever novel about Hollywood from the inside, called *What Makes Sammy Run?* That book was sort of a *tour de force* of the hard-boiled school, if you can say that a writer who has never written anything before can write a *tour de force*. Anyway, it was a promising first novel.

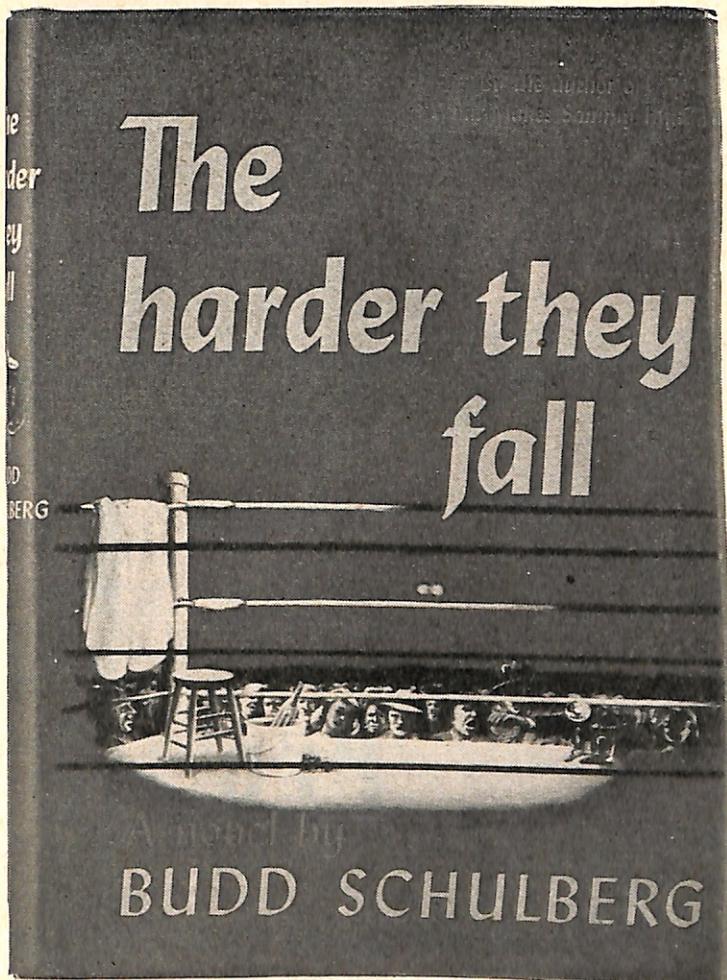
Now, six years later, Schulberg's second novel makes its appearance, and the question is: how much of the young author's promise has been fulfilled? I can only say that *The Harder They Fall*, a story of prize-fighting from the inside, is a sharp, cynical and glibly clever book; I see no progress, no development at all. The reason I think this novel is worth discussing at any length is that it points up the bankruptcy of the entire school of hard-boiled American writing.

The writer, who sets out to be tough, like the early John O'Hara, James M. Cain and even Ernest Hemingway (all three of whom have obviously influenced Schulberg) soon comes to a dead-end and must either broaden his outlook, as Hemingway and O'Hara have done, or settle down to writing the same story over and over again, as in the case of Cain. (As a matter of fact, Hemingway never *was* as hard-boiled as people seemed to think; Hemingway is an intellectual, unlike most of his followers, and his exploration of the effects of toughness, cruelty and materialism in the raw on his characters was a purely intellectual-literary pursuit with him). Toughness—the absence of sentiment and the subtler human emotions—is a pretty negative quality, it seems to me; after experiencing a certain amount of it, the reader is left with only one possible feeling, which can be summarized by the two words: so what?

In a way, Schulberg's self-imposed limitation is rather a pity for he has, in *The Harder They Fall*, a good story to tell; and when he is not being too careful of his literary pose, he tells it. Prize-fighting is a compelling subject and Schulberg seems to have an intimate, backstage acquaintanceship with its more scabrous side. Indeed, after reading his book, you get the feeling that there is no other side to the boxing game.

The Harder They Fall is a first-person narrative told by one Eddie Lewis, former Princeton man and aspiring playwright, who had taken a job as press-agent for a big gangster and fight-promoter and had, much against his very weak will, been corrupted by his chosen environment. Eddie's greatest project, which monopolizes the story, is the building up of a young pituitary giant from the Argentine from a simple-minded peasant, who can't box and who hates to hurt anything, into heavyweight champion of the world. This metamorphosis is accomplished in a mere matter of months by paying all of the giant's opponents to lie down in the ring.

El Toro Molina, "The Giant of the Andes", is just about the only sympathetic character in the book (any resemblance between him and Primo Carnera, by the way, is about as coincidental as that between the Dionne Quintuplets); the rest of them—the managers, fixers,



handlers, trainers, promoters and their wives and girl friends—are a uniformly sordid and vicious bunch whose only talents are predatory. They use Toro for a while; they raise the poor dope to the heights (never telling him that the men he meets in the ring are dive-artists) then, when they are through with him, he is thrown away like an old sneaker, and he ends up broke and broken, physically and morally.

The only person who is even a little sorry is Eddie, but he is only sorry on paper and his effort to make some amend to Toro is merely an indication of his weakness. The rest, who've all taken lion's cuts out of the hundreds of thousands of dollars the giant made, don't give him a second thought. They at least have integrity in their immorality; Eddie hasn't even that and, I suppose, that is his essential tragedy. But I, for one, found I didn't much care about Eddie; he lost his girl, he sold out his talent, he lost his self-respect. So what? He was a heel to begin with.

On the credit side, the book is entertaining in many parts and very readable; it has color, authentic-seeming background and a lot of fast and racy talk. (I can never quite believe, though, in the unfailing talent for nifty repartee as exhibited by the characters of these books; doesn't anyone ever make a lame remark?) If you are squeamish, however, better pass the novel up and wait for the movie that will inevitably be made from it. *They'll have to clean it up.* (*Random House, \$3*)

(Continued on page 38)

The Pro & Con of Pro & Campus

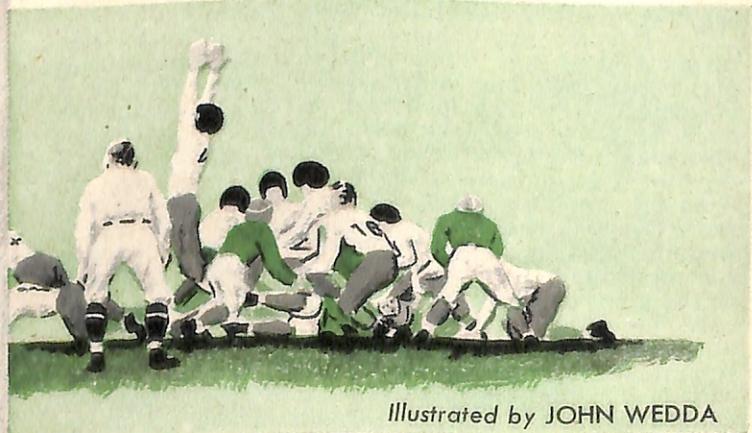


BY PHILIP HARKINS

FOR a number of weeks last winter, millions of Americans chewed the marrow out of a fine bone of contention. Two famous football stars, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard of West Point, were considering pro offers. Were they right or wrong? This question seemed to have a thousand subdivisions, all of which were debated at great length. Only one was overlooked. It was a very important one, however. It was this: Would Davis and Blanchard have made good as pro football players?

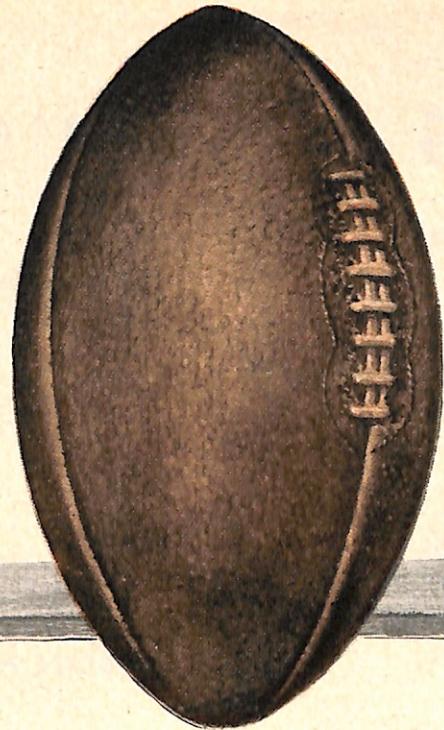
If you had had the impertinence to ask such a question on almost any Saturday last Fall you might have been ridden out of a stadium on a rail, for the reputations of Davis and Blanchard were so inflated that the two young backs had achieved the status of Arab muezzins, standing far above the awed populace on lofty minarets of fulsome publicity. Unpopular or no, the question should have been asked because it leads to a lively and timely study: the difference between college and pro football. The difference is vast. It is not all physical. There is a good deal of psychology in it. Consider for example the case of Sam Francis.

Sam Francis was a big All-American fullback at the University of Nebraska. He was All-American not once but twice and these honors were awarded in peacetime when college teams were not riddled by Selective Service. Francis graduated from Nebraska in 1936 and turned pro with the Chicago Bears. There was a good deal of fanfare about it because Francis was considered a great college fullback. But the fanfare died away



Illustrated by JOHN WEDDA

**There are reasons why a good
college football player does not
always become a good pro.**



quickly; Francis just couldn't seem to get started in pro football. Fickle football fans soon forgot him, and at the end of his first season Francis was sold to the Brooklyn pro team. The change of environment did not help; Francis did not shine with his old All-American lustre. Questions posed themselves. Why? What was behind all this? Why should a college fullback, a two-time All-American, become such a mediocrity in pro football? This mystery intrigued one observer who tracked down Mr. Francis and bluntly asked for an explanation. Mr. Francis obliged.

"In college," said Francis with commendable frankness, "I was a bigshot, a hero, an idol. Even when I had a bad Saturday afternoon, people would shake my hand, throw an arm around my shoulder and say, 'That's okay, Sammy boy, those things happen to everybody; next Saturday you'll be your old terrific self.' Unfortunately, like many college stars, Mr. Francis agreed with this flattering information; it made him feel better. In other words, at college Francis had his cheering section with him seven days a week, rain or shine. But in pro football Francis found that he had no cheering section at all. In pro football, if he had a bad day, he was told just what he had done wrong and in no uncertain terms. No one bucked him up mentally when he erred and Francis deeply missed his cheering section. Moreover, even when Francis had a good day in pro football, he found to his chagrin and surprise that ten or twenty other guys on the field had also enjoyed good, if not brilliant, days. Thus Francis found his best pro performances being taken for granted. It was all very depressing. Francis played two seasons, made no headlines and gave up pro football. The two-time All-American had been just another back with the pros and he had been big enough to admit it. In some ways, pro football had done a lot for Francis; it had restored his sense of values.

The college All-American who enters pro football finds 21 other men on the field who are good enough or better than All-American. This can be a terrible blow mentally, and perhaps physically, for the rookie from the campus. At college, if the star's ego sank, his fellow students pumped it up again. In pro football the deflated ego of a hero is likely to stay deflated. The college football star is apt to be an adolescent; the pro player is usually an adult. At college the star is told what to do, when to be somewhere, what to eat, exactly how to train. In pro football a player has considerable rope and if he can't grow up he will hang himself with it. No one tucks the pro player in bed at night in his drab hotel room in the big city. But if he hits the nightspots

and the highballs and shows up at practice short of breath and slightly fragrant, he will be fined \$50 or \$100 on the spot and warned that his contract has a little clause that can dump him overboard on 48 hours' notice. The swift jump from a regimented if idolatrous existence to a life of colorless independence is more than many college stars can stand.

Recently this situation was discussed with a group of pro players. They brought up the case of Smith, a nice fellow and a good halfback. When Smith turned pro he hit the nightclub trail; the big city was too much for him; every night was Saturday night. The first time Smith showed up at practice with a hangover he was fined \$50; the second time, \$100; the third time he was fired. The coach figured that Smith was no good off the field and no good on it either. Then there was Jones, the ex-All-American. Jones also was a back. He got off on the wrong foot with the pros by popping off about how many touchdowns he had scored at dear old Mulligatanny University. When Jones was allowed to play in a game, all he wanted to do was to run with the ball. Eventually Jones ran himself right off the team.

TWO of the greatest college stars were Chris Cagle, of Army, and Red Grange, the Galloping Ghost of Illinois. Cagle, unlike Blanchard and Davis, quickly cashed in on his West Point publicity and played two seasons with the New York Giants. On the college gridiron Cagle had been a sensation. With the pros Cagle was just another back. Red Grange was a breakaway runner who brought college crowds to their feet. In one of Grange's first pro games, in Boston, he broke away for uninspired runs of three and four yards. One of his longest runs from scrimmage that day went for seven yards. Yet Grange was a better pro back than Cagle. The forward pass was beginning to come into its own as an offensive weapon and Grange was smart enough to learn a new art, the art of pass defense. Grange became one of the better pass defenders in pro football. It was Grange's interception of a N. Y. Giants pass that won a play-off game for the Chicago Bears.

One of the big differences between pro and college football lies in the coaching methods. A college coach who has an All-American on his team is inclined to treat this player like a crown jewel, keeping him under lock and key and displaying his brilliance in public only once every seven days. A pro coach can treat such a player as just another member of the squad who has to earn his keep. A college coach often is expected to be a hypnotist, a psychiatrist and a witch doctor. Before

(Continued on page 23)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

ONE thing Columbus didn't anticipate when he discovered America 455 years ago this month, was the Inquiring Photographer. The Inquiring Photographer is a comparatively new phenomenon, being hired by various newspapers to hunt the byways of our cities with adjective and camera, asking questions of innocent bystanders and translating their replies into English suitable for publication in space that sells for around \$2.00 an agate line.

Recently one of these enterprising persons—representing the Washington *Times-Herald*, a newspaper operated by the world's most powerful woman, Eleanor M. (Cissy) Patterson—asked a group of gorgeous girls what they would do if they were selected as Miss America at the Atlantic City beauty contest held last month.

Many a young woman has doubtless asked herself that question, but only rarely is one given opportunity to dream out loud in print. One such was Lillian Carter, a likely looking blonde, who would be capable of halting all motion in a city like Oshkosh merely by walking down the street. Lillian said she wants to go in the movies. "The talent scouts are always waiting to sign up a winner. With the fame of being Miss America, I shouldn't have any trouble getting a contract."

Betty Clay, a cool-looking brunette a good many men would like to try to build a fire under (address on request) said she would like to become a Powers model. "I suppose I would be offered all kinds of careers," she added.

Sultry Mae Spiro, who does an honest day's work as a secretary, says, "I can see myself surrounded by hundreds of admirers, showering

me with gifts of clothes, jewelry and contracts for the movies, the stage, advertising personal appearances and goodness knows what else. What a picture!"

The replies of these delicious young ladies indicate that all is pretty much right with the world. Marshall may be having a bit of trouble with Molotov; maybe Henry Wallace is giving the Democratic Party a kick in the pants; perhaps the professional worriers in Washington, Paris and Prague are all sitting on the edge of an international atom bomb waiting for it to go off, but not much has happened to change young American womanhood; the girls still want fame and fortune more than any one thing in the world—except a man.

BUT if one newspaper is proving all's well, another and bigger paper indicates there is hell to pay. No one can say the men didn't put up a good battle but the war between the men and the women is over according to an article in the staid and usually reliable *New York Times*. It says that women so far surpass men in matters of intellect, health and finance, that there is no longer any contest. The article reports there are more men in insane asylums than women; that women are more studious, are better judges of human nature; that they read and write faster; that they have superior mechanical ability and that, even more noteworthy, they own most of the stock in The American Telephone and Telegraph Company, are beneficiaries of most insurance and have about two-thirds of the savings bank accounts.

There is certain statistical support for these contentions but any infer-

ence that they uphold a thesis of the superiority of women will have to be made over my dead adverbs. Women are fine people and ought to be encouraged with affection and occasional praise to prepare better meals and bear sturdy children. But when an austere and pragmatic publication like the *New York Times* flatly asserts that women have the edge on men just about everywhere that counts, some people may be inclined to take it seriously.

Women, adds the *Times*, are getting restive because they don't get important jobs in international affairs. There ought to be women ambassadors, they claim, and women on the influential councils of the United Nations. Maybe so, but it seems to me that the business of world government is already balled up enough without bringing sex into it. Our relations with Russia are not exactly intimate at the moment but reflect for a minute on what would happen if either Marshall or Molotov were a woman.

Every time negotiations got to a point where an agreement was impending, out would come the powder and lipstick and discussion would be suspended for a face fixing. The opposition would then be provided with time to think up new angles, a circumstance known to be fatal to successful diplomacy. Certainly anyone who has seen a woman go through a pocketbook looking for a key ring or a sample of wall paper can readily imagine the effect on world government of the intermittent suspension of discussions while the Honorable Milady went through her bag looking for a diplomatic note or an *aide memoire*.

There are other considerations, too. Diplomats frequently have to meet the press and must be prepared at all times to have their photographs snapped. Now a man in a rumpled suit is presumed to be a hard worker and the picture of a United Nations delegate wrinkled from head to foot indicates no more than that he's fighting against those foreigners with everything he's got. But a woman whose clothes need pressing is a frump and she knows it. The woman isn't born who could negotiate for twelve hours and then face a battery of cameramen. And even when she's as fresh as a daisy the inevitable reflex of straightening the girdle would completely undermine the faith of 90,000,000 weekly newsreel patrons in the sanctity of world government.

And now, if the ladies will excuse us, let's take a look at health. The people who want to bring back the noble experiment of Prohibition—and are making a considerable success of it by drying up the Nation's small towns through local option—suffered a blow recently with the discovery that alcohol was good for treatment of high blood pressure and chronic asthma.

The therapeutic value of alcohol has long been argued in some of the
(Continued on page 34)

ROD and

GUN



Pintails taking off. From *Good Shot!* by Bob, Dan & Ray Holland.

BY DAN HOLLAND

Wild ducks have more enemies than man and his shotguns.

HERE are more ways to kill a duck than choking him with wild rice. One way is to scare him to death with a shotgun. Another, even better, is to drain his marshes and destroy his nesting grounds. He can even be killed by pollution and disease. These, and all other efficient methods, apparently were brought into play during the past two or three years. It has been tough. The poor duck has been getting the short end of the stick too regularly.

The other day I watched a woman, a would-be sportswoman, who must know how a duck feels. She and two fishermen were carrying a boat up a trail to a mountain lake. The gentlemen had the stern slung between them on an oar and led the way up the trail. The woman brought up the rear with the bow. It's barely possible that these men thought they were doing the mannerly thing by carrying the heavy stern end, but when they started up the hill—and it was a steep one—all the weight naturally fell back on the gal. She was literally packing the whole load, and I'll bet that when they finally reached the lake, she did the rowing. I'll also bet that next time she stayed home and tended to her knitting.

Anyway, that's the way a duck must feel at times—that he hasn't a friend in the world. In January, 1944, the Fish and Wildlife Service estimated that there were 126 million ducks in America, and their count last January placed the figure at

only 54 million. No wonder a duck feels bad every time a census taker comes around. He knows at that rate his head may not be there to count next time.

But ducks do have friends, lots of them. The government boys are doing the best they know how to remedy this sad situation. This year they want more ducks flying and less duck soup. The surest way they know to bring this to pass is to shorten the hunting season and decrease the bag limit. This they have done again—to an average thirty-day season and a four-bird limit—and now not only the ducks but the duck hunters feel bad.

All in all these are as drastic regulations as the duck hunter has ever faced. They are reminiscent of the severe curtailment on duck shooting back in the mid-thirties when the total waterfowl population was estimated at 27 million. By 1944, when the duck population was reported at the 126-million peak, the regulations were relaxed, of course—although it didn't make much difference what regulations were in effect at that point because many duck hunters were shooting at larger game and those at home couldn't get shells.

Two seasons ago, in 1945, the duck count was still high and the season extended for 80 days with a daily bag limit of ten birds. Then something happened, even though there was still a severe shortage of shotgun ammunition. The duck count fell off sharply and the season was cut to

45 days in 1946. Now it's down again.

What happened to the ducks? According to government figures, 72 million ducks disappeared in three years, not taking into account the annual crop of new ducks each season. That's a lot of ducks.

No doubt hunters accounted for a large take last Fall. Roughly two million duck stamps were sold, the shell shortage had eased considerably and many hunters had more leisure than they had enjoyed in some time. But there just aren't enough good shotgun shots in the world to cut the population so sharply.

Some folks say the duck census-taker is the culprit. They claim he can do away with millions of ducks without firing a shot. Although I wasn't in the country at the time and can say nothing from any first-hand experience, I recall that many seasoned wildfowlers—men who have watched ducks fly for fifty years—saw no indication of such vast numbers of birds as were claimed by the duck count three and four years ago. Now the count has swung sharply the other way, to the dismay of 72 million vanished ducks and their fond offspring.

In the early summer when the young ducks hatch, the old man says goodbye to his dear ones and gangs up with the rest of the men folk. These drakes fly around until they find some suitable lake with plenty of food where they can sit around and chew the fat while they moult their flight feathers. In the meantime the old lady sneaks off in the bushes with the kids where you literally can't see them for the high weeds. This is the time of year that the ducks are counted prior to issuing the yearly regulations.

A SOUND, intensive study of the concentrations of ducks, of the nesting conditions and of the apparent results of the nesting season is a vitally important business. The more the reports from qualified observers, the better. But as far as counting the actual number of ducks is concerned, it would be easier to count the flies around a manure pile.

The regulations for this Fall are tough, no question, but the evidence indicates that they are necessary. Anyone who got around the wintering areas much knows that there were not too many ducks, and it was obvious then that unless there was an unusually productive breeding season there would be no relaxing of the hunting regulations this Fall.

During the winter months after the close of the last shooting season, I visited most of the southern States. I didn't attempt an individual duck census and I didn't count any heads. I don't do very well over ten anyway. But I am just naturally interested in ducks. I can't help it. I'll go miles out of my way just to see them fly, or watch them feed and play. Whether I have a shotgun in my hands or not, I get a thrill out of

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PANEL

OF PUBLIC OPINION

THE question submitted to the members of the Elk Panel of Public Opinion this month concerns a matter of vital interest.

America always has bargained for peace, but peace without preparedness can be a costly and bitter purchase. We know that "preparedness" is more than military equipment, and more than the assembly line; it is also an adequately trained military personnel. Such training takes time, and in a state of emergency it takes lives, too—lives that cannot be spared. So our question this month deals with the problem of Universal Military Training for our youth.

To many it is repugnant to think of America adopting a hitherto foreign institution. It may be, and is in the eyes of many, a debatable necessity. Those who favor U.M.T. are convinced that the best way to avoid war is to be prepared for it. Others hold that the establishment of a large military force leads to war. It is expected that when Congress convenes, the subject of Universal Military Training will be brought to its attention. Meanwhile, to get a true cross-section of the thoughts of representative American business and professional men on the subject, we have asked our Panel members their opinions. As you may know, the Elk Panel of Public Opinion consists of current Exalted Rulers and District Deputies and many past members of the Panel who have requested that their names be retained. As you also may know, each month some question of public interest is asked. Sometimes more than one question is put before the Panel. This month just one question was asked.

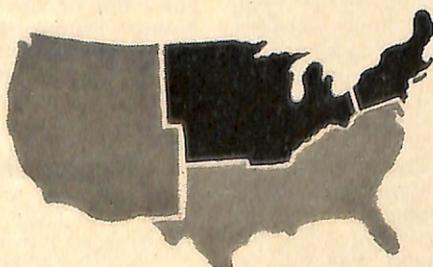
THE QUESTION:

DO YOU FAVOR UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING FOR OUR YOUNG MEN?

In Favor	90%
Opposed	9%
No Opinion	1%

Since many of the Panel members are fathers of children who, in the event of a future war, may be drawn into military service, it is understandable why so many are in favor of advance military training. In the returns there are relatively few who strongly opposed the idea.

In addition to the national figures, the returns were analyzed on a sectional basis by dividing the forty-eight States into four geographical areas, as shown on the accompanying map.



**Our Panel members are strongly
in favor of universal military training
for the youth of our country.**

Listed below are the percentages of the total replies received from each section. Totals were adjusted by a fraction of a per cent because there were only a negligible number of replies stating "no opinion".

	In Favor	Opposed
12 Northern States	91%	9%
9 Eastern States	86%	14%
16 Southern States	93%	7%
11 Western States	93%	7%
It is interesting to note the response of Panel members by geographical areas.		
12 Northern States	23% of the replies	
9 Eastern States	31% of the replies	
16 Southern States	24% of the replies	
11 Western States	22% of the replies	

NOTE: So few returns expressed no opinion that they were not included in the calculations.

COMMENTS:

America has taken her place as a leader in this now small world. We have tried all other Utopias; now let's try realities.

It will take care of a period after high school that is open, with no formulated plans as a rule.

Let's be ready and save the costs of not being prepared.

Just training and nothing to train for doesn't mean much. It would only mean a three-year loaf.

We cannot afford again to take the chance that someone else will hold the enemy until we are ready.

Volunteer training only in time of peace.

Judging from previous plans of military training in peace time, the beneficial results are not commensurate with the loss of time and disruption of civil pursuits.

From my experience as a full Colonel in the army, definitely state we should have it.

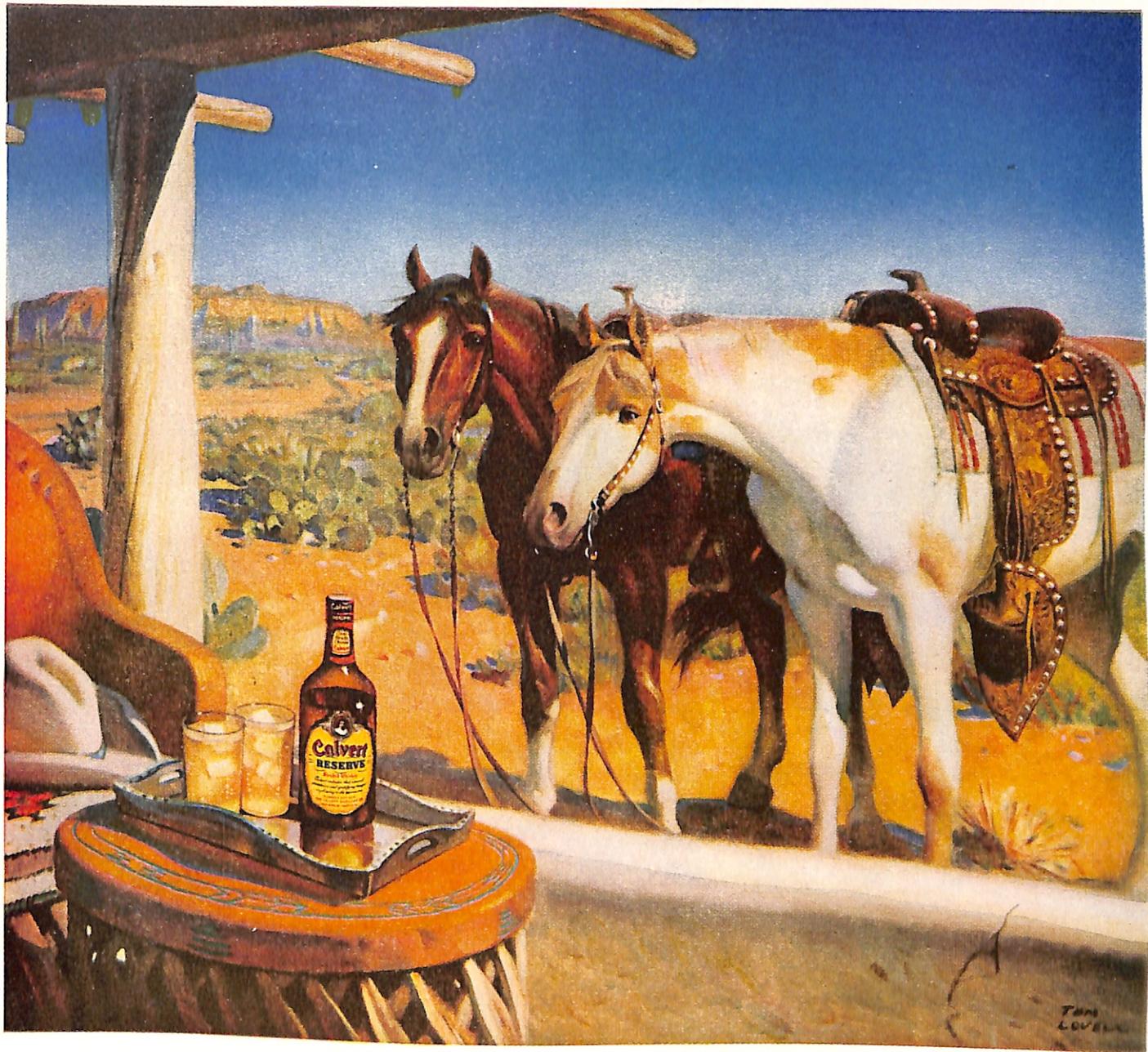
World conditions make any other course impossible. It helps build the boys physically.

It is the best insurance against war. It would save lives.

I believe it should last one year. Young men should have option of taking training as soon as high school is finished, or defer it until college is finished.

To be prepared is to ward off aggression by any other nation, Russia particularly.

I've got two little boys and I hate to think of it. But it's almost necessary.



"We can expect a stampede any minute!"

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Try Calvert... and you'll say it, too...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR Special

Choice Blended Whiskies, 86.8 Proof. Calvert "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits... Calvert "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City



THANKS FOR EVERYTHING

BY HUGH B. CAVE

*The white god gave
Kajo more than magic.*

THAT September day began for Kajo like any other, except that by adding to his age it made him eleven years and nine months old. How was he to know it would change his life?

Rising from his mat before sun-up, he waited silently for the soul to come back to his body. He had not slept well. He almost never slept well. His father and brother, weary from spearing fish yesterday on the reef, snored comfortably in their slumber. His mother made a little humming noise in her nose. Their troubles never slept with them.

When he was sure his soul had returned safely, Kajo crept from the grass hut and slipped through the Bajao village to the shore. He was hungry. And since he had not fished yesterday, being seldom allowed to fish with the others since his descent from grace, he would not eat this morning unless he caught his own breakfast. Sullenly he pushed his leaky outrigger into the water and took up the paddle.

As he loafed along, hunting for sea urchins and sea snails among the coral rocks, he took from the basket between his bare brown feet the thing which had caused all his trouble.

Once it had been magic, this small metal cylinder with the rubbing-wheel and wick, given to Kajo by the tall white god who flew. Once he had worn it day and night around his neck on a stout cord of coconut-husk fibers, fearful that some envious person might try to steal it. By placing the thumb just so on the wheel and turning it, a bright spark was made to fly against the wick and—wonder of wonders!—the wick burst into flame! The same kind of flame in every respect that Kajo's people, the sea gypsies, were able to produce only by long, arduous rubbing with sticks.

No wonder Kajo, the Cowardly One, had been hailed overnight as a person of importance!

He would never forget the day of the white god's coming. He, Kajo, had paddled his barota that day all the long way to the Isle of Asuans, the Isle of the Ghosts, to talk with the spirits who dwelt in the white-ant hills on the bluff.

He had gone there alone, to inform the spirits of his great suffering and beg them to make him not so much a coward. And while talking with them, he had heard suddenly a strange roaring in the sky and looked up to find, just over the treetops, almost upon him, a great shining bird that flew without flapping its wings! The spirits had indeed answered his prayers promptly!

The strange bird was in trouble, though. Roaring through the trees at the bluff's edge, it had hurtled into the sea with one of its wings broken, while Kajo stood

Over the tree-tops was a great shining bird that flew without flapping its wings.

Illustrated by JOHN McCLELLAND

watching. It struck with a great splash, crippled and dying. It rolled on its side and began to sink.

But just before the huge bird sank, a human figure had wriggled out of it and cast himself into the water. And Kajo, seeing that he was hurt and could not swim well enough to reach the shore, had paddled out and brought him to safety.

The man could not talk the Bajao tongue. But he was grateful; he smiled to prove it. And he knew words in Tagalog, a few of which Kajo understood.

There was, it seemed, a conflict of some kind in progress between two powerful tribes, and this conflict had spread into the island kingdom of which Kajo's people were nomad inhabitants. The tall young man who rode the broken bird—which disappeared into the sea while he explained this as best he could—was of a tribe called Amerikanos, who were friends—*kaibigan*—to all Moro peoples, even the despised Bajao. And—“*Pakitulungan ninyo ako*”—he needed help! Sorely he needed help!

The bird-man had come, he said, from a great ship—a thousand times bigger than Kajo's poor barota—which now lay only a few miles to the north among the big islands. He must go back to it. But first he was hurt; his leg was torn and bleeding. He must rest and eat. Without telling a living soul that he was here, would Kajo help him?

Glum with memories of that wonderful day, Kajo pried open the spiny shell of a sea urchin and peeled loose the reddish flesh. Disconsolately he chewed it, pausing only to gaze in wonder at a blue-black fin, unpleasantly large, which lazily stirred the water between him and the reef. Impressed by the size of the fin, he cautiously turned his boat to avoid approaching it.

He would never forget the trust and friendship of the Amerikano. Not once in two whole days had the bird-man jeered at him or called him a coward. Not once had Kajo, the Weakling, been cursed or spat upon! For the torn leg he had prepared a healing poultice of candlenut juice. For food he had brought offerings of fruit and fish, baked ti roots and, of course, coconuts.

But then, all too soon, the Amerikano had pointed to Kajo's barota and, with hand talk and some words of Tagalog, announced that he wished to own it.

He had no goods to trade for it. He had nothing but the clothes he wore and a few things in his pockets. But he would return. *Bukas*, tomorrow, he would come back. That was a promise. And to seal it—as if a mere Bajao boy would dare doubt the word of such a one!—he took from his pocket the magic firemaker. It was only a little thing, he said, but Kajo could have it.

Then he solemnly shook Kajo's hand and spoke some words in Amerikano which Kajo remembered to this day without knowing their meaning. And, stepping into the barota, he paddled away.

Kajo had never seen him again.

But the fire-maker! A little thing, the white man had said. A little thing! Remembering those days of glory, Kajo squeezed his eyes shut—but a tear leaked through

to wet his cheek. For once in his life he had been important. No one had made fun of him or pushed him aside. He could make fire with a flick of his finger!

A thousand times he had told his story to awed listeners. Some, of course, at first had not believed the whole of it. The shining bird had been too much for them. But that was before old Tatago, who had once traveled by outrigger all the long way to Tawitawi, had wagged his withered head and said yes, yes, there were indeed such birds; he had seen one. When Tatago said that, the doubters stopped doubting.

For two, three, four days thereafter, Kajo had lived like a god, showered with gifts of pomelos and papayas, wild pigs and betel nuts and dried fish, while the sea gypsies came to look upon the magic tube that made fire. There was envy mixed with their adulation, and he had loved it. Never before had he been envied!

And then—he wept to think back on it—the gift of the bird-man had all at once lost its magic. A turn of the rubbing-wheel made the spark leap, but no flame flew from the wick as before.

Kajo's people frowned and waited. They shook their heads and muttered. The flame would not appear. How many hundreds of times he had spun the wheel, Kajo could not now remember, but in the end there was only a blistered thumb to show for his frantic efforts. Even the spark had fled.

In place of glory had come humiliation so overwhelming that Kajo in his heart had cursed the white god whose defective gift was the cause of it. Ah, what abuse had been heaped upon him! Jeering people took back their gifts and spat at him. For days he was forbidden to enter the hut of shame where his father and mother and brother had shut themselves away. A braver boy would have drowned himself.

He was older now. More than a year older. And stronger, too, for in a year of hunting his own food, attending his own wants, he had had to grow strong or perish.

But still he was despised. Still he was called Kajo the Cowardly. Always, he supposed, it would be so.

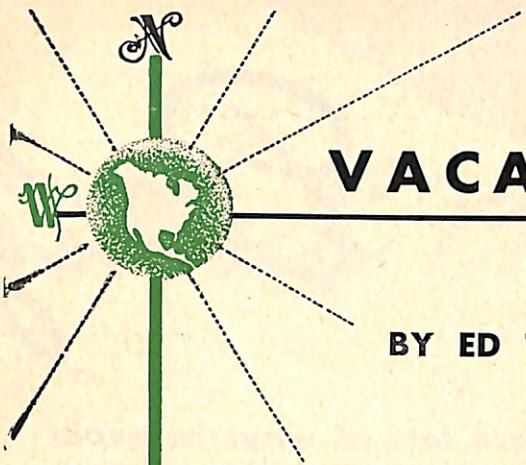
Peering into the blue-green water, he saw a movement below him in a dark fissure between jagged walls of coral—an octopus slowly waving its many arms while waiting for small prey to swim within reach. The boy aimed his spear and plunged it downward. Triumphantly he whipped the squirming thing into the boat. A thrust of his knife between its eyes killed it.

He pushed his hands into the creature's mouth and turned it inside out, cleaned it, beat it tender with a stick and hung it to dry on a line stretched taut between upthrust poles. No, he would not go hungry. Nor would he drown himself to escape his shame.

But never again would he believe in friendship.

His trust in the white god had died slowly because, having nothing else to live for, he had clung to it in desperation. Even when convinced that the magic tube would never again make fire, he had gazed skyward day

(Continued on page 32)



VACATIONS UNLIMITED

BY ED TYNG

THE Great Smoky Mountains, straddling the North Carolina-Tennessee border, are more accessible to the big centers of population of the East, Middle West and South than any of the national parks. For some years they have drawn more tourists than have the other parks. At this season the Smokies are a riot of autumn coloring and for that reason are a Mecca for Fall vacationists. The coloring is particularly striking because the Smokies, unlike mountains of such altitude in more northerly latitudes, are forested to their tops.

Few tourists to the region advertised so extensively by Snuffy and Lowizie of the comic strips realize that the mountains they climb by such easy grades in North Carolina and Tennessee are the highest, as a mountain mass, east of South Dakota's Black Hills. The most famous peak in the Smokies is Clingman's Dome. It rises to 6,643 feet and has an observation tower at the top. The tower is only a short walk from the auto parking space. Although all the guide books and official travel folders describe Clingman's Dome as the highest in the Smokies, bets should not be made on that belief, for it has been discovered only recently that the south fork of Black Brothers, an obscure and somewhat inaccessible peak, is 20 feet higher. The highest mountain in the eastern United States is Mount Mitchell, 6,684 feet. It is near Asheville, N. C., in the Black Mountains.

Sixteen peaks in the Smokies exceed 6,000 feet, but most of them are not accessible by auto or by bus. Much of the region is a virgin wilderness, which is one of its charms. Tradition has it that about 1540 De Soto marched through the mountains to what is now Georgia. This was about 44 years before Sir Walter Raleigh's Englishmen came to the North Carolina coast. The Skyline Drive today passes Indian Gap, through which the Spaniards are supposed to have traveled. For the Indians and the early settlers it was the principal pass, until the highway now in use was built through Newfound Gap.

Contrary to fable, the mountaineers are friendly folk and do not bounce rifle balls off the heads of strangers in the mistaken belief that they are revenuers. Only a few are found in the park, but there are many outside of the boundaries and in the Cumberland Mountains farther west. Near the North Carolina entrance to the Smokies are some 3,000 Cherokee Indians, in a reservation of 63,000 acres in which Cherokee Village is situated. They are the descendants of members of the tribe who refused to be moved to Oklahoma more than 100 years ago and their ancient tribal customs are absorbingly interesting to tourists. Since the war the Cherokees, who had always given visitors the cold shoulder, have become increasingly tourist-

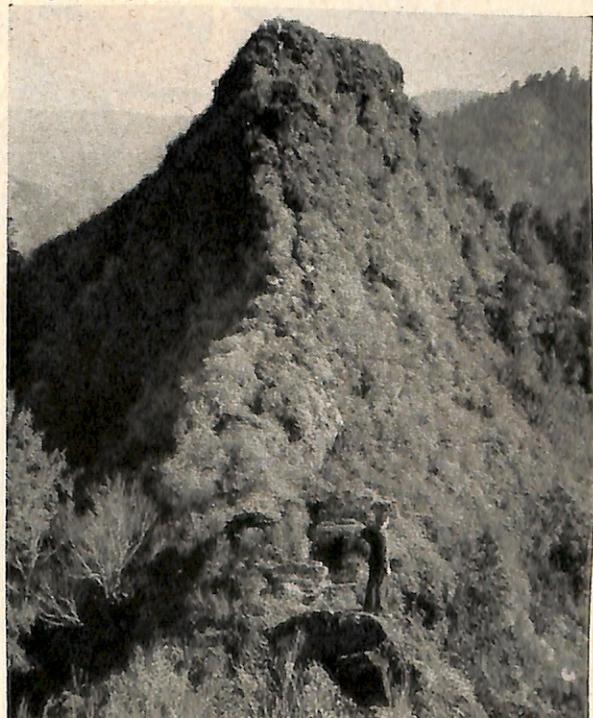
***The Great Smoky Mountains
are within one day's drive
of 60,000,000 Americans***

minded. This is the month for the Cherokee Indian Fair.

There are many things unknown about the Great Smokies, perpetually shrouded in the mysterious blue haze from which they got their name, and one of the mysteries is why so many of the peaks have supported nothing but grass and shrubs for hundreds of years. These green knobs are called locally "balds", but nobody knows the cause of the baldness. The traditions of the Cherokees support the theory that the balds once were systematically burned over to provide lookout areas. Another theory is that olivine, an ore found under the shallow overlay of soil on many a bald, is not conducive to tree growth. On many balds are rhododendron "hells", which are dense masses of that beautiful evergreen which has grown luxuriantly for centuries. The "hells" are good places to keep out of, for one can get lost in the labyrinth or, worse yet, meet one of those ferocious "Roo-shan" boars. Those Russian pigs are the numerous progeny of a few real European boars that were introduced for a game preserve in 1910. The preserve flopped and the "hawgs" went even wilder, finding the wilderness fastnesses

(Continued on page 36)

Ewing Galloway Photo



The Chimneys in Great Smoky National Park.

Dodg

There are lots of ways to avoid paying the bill—and you don't even have to be neat about it.



WHETHER one should pay a check or not is a dilemma that faces us all. It has as many angles as a Mexican divorce. Whether it be for two cokes at the corner drugstore or champagne and pressed duck at the Stork Club, the fatal moment always arrives when you must face a check.

For today the cost of a night on the town is the equivalent of a week's trip to Bermuda or a tailor-made suit of clothes. Being a good fellow, which means picking up the check, has become a tough row to hoe. The spirit may be willing but with inflated prices and withholding taxes the pocketbook is weak.

Buckets of printers' ink have been spilled in telling people how to make a million, how to pay (or not to pay) their income tax, how to budget their weekly pay check and how to stop drinking. So how about devoting a shot-glass of ink to investigating the gentle art of ducking the check?

Fugitives from chits are not limited to slick gigolos, café parasites, broken-down socialites and confirmed spongers; the old-school-tie clique is in there too, ignoring that fatal scrap of paper with the rest. And so are big business executives, bookies and men about town. When it comes to seeing checks, they are just as blind as the Bowery drink cadger—with one exception: they can ignore a tab with finesse.

Some writer (not Lord Chesterfield this time) once remarked that a gentleman always pays his own way. Well—that depends on the time, situation and people involved. Now that a ham sandwich and a cup of coffee, plus cover charge, plus amusement tax, plus tip, total up to a crisp, ten-dollar bill in the average night spot, many of us have stopped eating and drinking away from home—except when somebody else pays! Anyway, nobody but a jerk shells out for others when it means going without lunches for a week.

Anyone can get away with being

e that check!

BY TED PECKHAM

a heavy-handed check escapist, but the best way to meet the situation is to polish up your technique beforehand. And don't feel self-conscious about it. Every lad from nine to ninety has moments when he doesn't want to be stuck with the check.

Now to get down to dodging tactics. Perhaps you are poor and have no "monya", or don't wish to pay because you are not having a slap-happy good time, or maybe someone else has been having too good a time with your date, or you've decided to stop being the sucker and paying every time.

The honest and direct approach is a honey. . . . and so disarming. Simply admit that you are not doing so well. Your host is then left with a feeling of intoxicating superiority. No one will think the less of you for using this clean, American Boy approach—if you don't pull it on the same people every time. Which about takes care of the excusable ways of leaping the check hurdle. The less respectable outs are endless.

Many a young man has been wined and dined by new acquaintances on his promise to take them to a free party later in the evening. He isn't even permitted to tip the hatcheck girl. Unfortunately for his gullible companions, all too often he makes a last-minute phone call and learns that "the party is over". Or, should the party actually materialize, the odds are that he is uninvited and his friends are not welcome.

"I'll treat you next time" has been sung to the tune of many a free martini. A variation on this is "Next week you must be my guest at the theater". A date is set—and cancelled the following day. One successful check evader hops to another table when the settling time comes, and drinks up on a new host.

But the most popular method is for the check dodger to chat animatedly with the lady next to him, utterly oblivious to anything so mundane as a check. Or suddenly he experiences an urge to dance. When the check crisis is *fini* he leaves his partner in the middle of the floor. Others with a bit of dramatic talent have trained themselves to become violently ill thirty seconds before the waiter with the check casts his shadow.

When a mathematically inclined

friend begins computing how much each person's share of the check should be, immediately squelch this communistic plot. Pleasantly but firmly establish the fact that you can't afford it at any price. Someone else will dig it up for you.

FUMBLING for your wallet is not the cinch it appears. Everyone from actors to ambassadors indulges in it. Some fumblers have developed it into an art that is on a par with searching for lost pirate treasure. From vest pocket to hip pocket to shoe they seek their elusive billfolds. One gets the impression that their pockets have been picked. By the time the misplaced wallet is located, another member of the party has settled with the waiter. Another tried-and-true system is "You pay and I'll pay you back later". Later can mean in another life.

The forgotten-wallet gag is passé.

Illustrated by HAL McINTOSH

Nowadays people graciously offer to run over to your place and get it for you. Of course, some still bounce out to the gentleman's room or remember a telephone call that must be made. Inevitably they are gone long enough to take a shower or put through a call to Paris.

And there are the shady devices that every cad employs which thoroughly enrage his victims. He makes it clear from the outset that he hasn't the vaguest intention of contributing a dime. His presence alone is more valuable than mere money. As far as he is concerned, the waiter can stand by the table all night. Sooner or later the tension becomes so strong that someone flinches and shells out.

One chiseling acquaintance of mine has developed a formula that is hard to beat. All through dinner he is charming and friendly; but when he

(Continued on page 21)



Some can even become ill at the crucial moment.

ELK NEWSLETTER

★ WASHINGTON

One vexing subsidy question already is awaiting the return of Congress. It involves the future of a number of American airlines. As any airline traveler knows, the summer failed to develop the higher earnings which many of the lines had relied on to wipe out recent deficits. As a result, many of the lines have been making a drive for higher mail pay before the Civil Aeronautics Board, and Congressional criticism of the large payments needed to keep many marginal operators going has been mounting. At this point, Washington experts feel, a thorough Congressional airing of the subject is inevitable.

★

Meanwhile, the airlines are looking more and more to air cargo to bolster operating revenues. Its growth has been spectacular. What kinds of goods are flying the Nation's airways? A recent survey shows that cut flowers, machine parts, women's apparel, drugs and pharmaceuticals, jewelry, perishable fruits and vegetables, furs, fish, baby chicks, women's handbags and accessories, furniture, shoes and millinery are the most frequent travelers.

★

The financial problems at the higher altitudes are not being felt at the grassroots level, however. As a result, Uncle Sam is not being troubled by farm subsidies in any form just now and the Government's farm price support program is virtually inoperative. Even if commodity prices were to fall to the support levels, with a general farm price level decline of 25 per cent, Government experts say farm incomes would still be maintained at a point equal to that of some of the high war years. Farm income was almost \$25,000,000,000 in 1946 and a further increase is expected for 1947.

★

The farm products situation continues to present some curious ups and downs. For example, meat supplies may ease considerably in some American communities this Fall and prices may seem to be headed

toward more normal levels. But don't get too smug about it. The phenomenon, if it appears, will simply mean that farmers are liquidating flocks and herds in the face of high corn prices. Actually, you may be eating your next year's supply of meat this year.

★

Food exports are continuing at high levels in the meantime. During the first five months of this year they continued at a rate of over \$200,000,000 a month for a \$1,047,177,000 total--up \$49,311,000 over the same period last year. Greatest increases were made by wheat flour, corn, grain sorghums, peanuts, milled rice, oil-cake, horse meat and sausage casings. Canned meats, evaporated milk, lard and cheese were down, canned meat exports dropping by 94.3 per cent.

★

On the food front, too, is a reported decline in the over-all supply of 12 major canned fruits and vegetables. In the face of an estimated carry-over of 125,000,000 cases from last season, 1947 pack decreases of six major fruits will probably reduce 1947-48 supplies by 10 per cent, the Department of Commerce estimates. Apricots, mixed fruits, peaches, pears, pineapple and red pitted cherries are the fruits showing pack declines. Reductions in exports from the 125,000,000 case figure for last season are expected to offset Government procurement increases which may require an additional 2,000,-000 cases.

★

If you were among the millions of motorists on the highways last summer, your observations regarding detours are now confirmed by Federal surveys. Highway construction was on the increase. Gains in public highway construction have been more than seasonal, the surveys show, being up more than 15 per cent over previous figures. Estimates for new highway construction during one summer month alone show installations valued at \$135,000,000.

(Continued on page 37)

Dodge That Check

(Continued from page 19)

hears the waiter's pattering feet, he either insults someone and is asked to leave, or pretends to be insulted himself and stamps out. In neither case is there ever a hint of his wanting to contribute his share. If you don't give a hoot about your reputation, suddenly become blind drunk and tear the check to shreds.

When the hardened dodger rides in a cab with friends, he hops out as soon as it stops and leaves the others to figure out how to pay. If a bolder companion suggests that he get it up, he laughs at the suggestion of breaking a twenty to pay a fifty-cent fare!

Even though you may be working your way through the nightclubs by being hungry and thirsty at everyone else's expense, don't let on for a moment if you want to succeed. Keep mum about your belief that the world owes you free food, drinks and entertainment.

A gold watch can be given as security for a loan so you can pay up. Needless to say, it is best to give a watch that would be a disgrace to a box of Cracker Jack.

Occasionally a sadistic waiter will deliberately hand you the check (even though you may be a legitimate guest). You have no choice but to laugh gaily and pass it on. The true extrovert can even make a *bon mot* as he tosses it into unwilling hands. Of course, if you are alone at the table when the check arrives, you merely have to designate at which plate it should be placed. If ever you match for the check, make certain that the coin has two heads and you pay only if it comes up tails.

Certain persons have made dodging checks their full-time career. We all know that a check is hard to bear. Resort to sliding out from under it when you have to, but don't practice it constantly. If you do, you are no better than the rest of the deadbeats who haunt the gilt saloons. But whatever you do, never skip out and leave the waiter holding the check—the management usually makes him dig it up.

There are still certain rules that must be followed as everyone today is very check-conscious. If you are with a woman you are expected to pay unless she has specifically invited you to be her guest at her club or hotel. Exceptions are sugar-heavy maiden aunts or old family friends. It is perfectly good form to let them take over the check, we're happy to say. With feminine business acquaintances and girls from the office you can always go Dutch—but they won't like it.

Nobody can be the guest forever. Reciprocate occasionally even if it is only treating to beer or malteds. The best solution to the astronomical check problem is to avoid the situations that cause them. No ten-dollar dinner is worth the agony of scheming how to get out of paying for it!



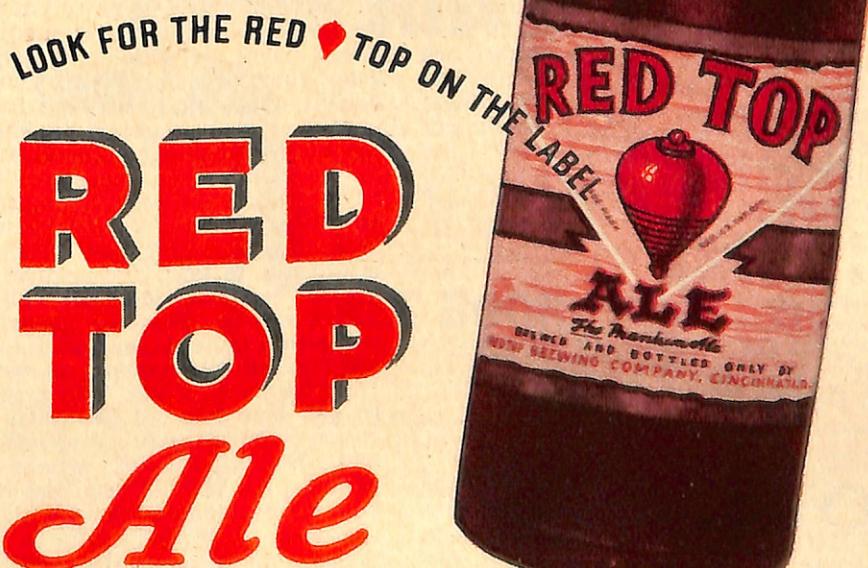
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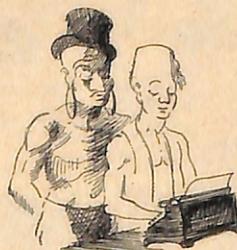
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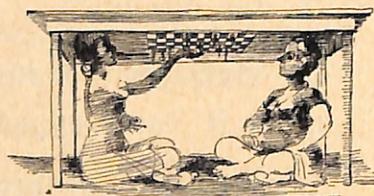


HERE'S a piece-by-piece radio set you can get. Time was when an average person could consider buying a radio without having to make his wife find a job to earn money for the venture. Today radios are getting bigger, better and very, very expensive. To make the purchase of a good set possible to average Americans, they've now split a radio up into sections which you can buy one at a time. First you can get the receiver, which covers 'everything'. By everything we mean all kinds of kilocycles, megacycles, bicycles and motorcycles. When you've paid for that you can buy a record player that fits into place. Then you can buy a wire recorder to record a radio program you like, or the results of Junior's first efforts to talk. Amateur radio fans can buy a transmitter if they wish. When all of these things are put together they fit into a nice living-room piece. When you get them paid for, of course, may be an entirely different story.



ONE trouble with understanding or misunderstanding the Russians is this language business. Aside from the word *Tovarich*, few Americans know a word of Russian. This trouble extends to other less

formidable countries as well. Who knows any words in Afghan? Of course, not many people know anybody in Afghanistan but, then, an Afghan could conceivably pop up on "Hobby Lobby", or some other radio program, and then would we be stuck! Well, one good step has been made in the direction of reducing language barriers. It is a typewriter that will type in four hundred languages. It will type such weird tongues as Sikh, Sindhi and Eskimo. Any language that has an alphabet can be typed by this internationally-minded machine. With a quick change of characters a really accomplished linguist could switch from Russian to English without the usual complications. And no one can deny the advantage of that.



CHESS fans, awake! Here is the thing you've been waiting for. No, it's not the answer to your particular problem of the moment; it's a new chess set which will help you keep your temper. When your opponent dozes while waiting for you to make a move and lets his knee jar the board, displacing all the men, I have no doubt you experience a wee fit of temper. Or when trying to play on a boat or train, what with all the rocking and rolling and lurching, it is difficult to keep the men on their proper squares. But now all that worry is over. This new chess board has a thin metal layer and the pieces have small permanent magnets in their bottoms. *Voila!* The men stick to the board in all positions. You can even turn the board upside down and they'll remain where they should. All that is required is that you have strength enough to move the men. It doesn't take a lot of muscle but it does take a little. Incidentally, checker men are available with little magnets, too.

BY W. C. BIXBY



ETHAL Game Department: In the wilds of the jungle, natives have a quaint and primitive method of killing each other. They make blowguns and shoot poisoned darts back and forth across the veldt or swale, or something. This method of killing has one distinct advantage over our more civilized kinds of mayhem. The blowguns don't make any noise. Well, anyway, we have now copied their blowguns, but it's in the form of a game. In this game we take a twenty-eight-inch aluminum tube and short aluminum darts and puff them at a target. It's a dangerous game at the very least, so you should keep the equipment out of the hands of women and children. One thing to be noted that I almost forgot: the darts in the game are not dipped in poison. Even without the poison the game sounds like fun for a rainy day.



WHEN Junior falls in a well or something and you need a flashlight quickly, why is it that the batteries always are dead? I don't know, but here is a flashlight that is not a flashlight, but always lights. It has no batteries. It is fixed up with a small dynamo and a magnetic flywheel. By a squeeze-grip arrangement you keep the flywheel flying and the light lighting. Developed during the war (what wasn't?), it has been tested under what might at least be called 'trying conditions'. The light was frozen to 80 degrees below zero for a week, soaked in water for ten days and tested with ten

(Continued on page 35)

The Pro and Con of Pro and Campus

(Continued from page 9)

game time on Saturday, some college coaches resemble ancient Christian crusaders whipping up the armies for the battle against the infidels with oratory only one or two metaphors below Winston Churchill's wartime speeches. The pre-game pep talk of a college coach can be an awesome, frightening thing, which may leave the college players as anesthetized as Indian fakirs, ready to lie down on beds of nails or climb ropes into the sky, all for dear old Mulligatawny University. The pro coach may gather his well-paid athletes around him near the field of battle and say, "Look, fellas, if ya win this play-off game ya get \$1,500. If ya lose ya get only \$900. Now to those of you who can subtract these sums represent a difference of six hundred bucks. Now just think what you could do with six hundred bucks—a hunting trip, a nice new watch for the missus, a new bike or summer camp for the kid. How about it fellas?"

WELL, it's amazing what some people will do for \$600 which can be earned in the space of two hours—120 minutes—at \$5 a minute. In the last play-off game between the N. Y. Giants and the Chicago Bears, in which a considerable amount of money divided the winner from the loser, the boys developed a spirit which would have done credit to the crusading armies of Richard the Lionhearted. And the Chicago Bears developed a tackle, an affectionate bear-hug, which brought the ball carrier's nose against one of the tackler's shoulders. Usually the nose, rather than the shoulder, yielded. Several backs on the Giants team stumbled off the field of battle with their noses spread painfully and colorfully all over their faces. The Giants themselves used considerable force as they hurled the Bear backs to the frozen ground in the Polo Grounds. It was a rough time but, after all, football is not supposed to be a Maypole festival. The fighting spirit of both teams was a college coach's dream. Talk about dying for dear old Mulligatawny—the Giants and the Bears gave their all and when the game was over their exhibition was rewarded with large bundles of cold cash.

College coaches have to spend long and tedious hours drilling the fundamentals of the game into their players. A pro player said to me recently, "When I played college ball we'd start practice at three p.m. and wind up at six. Then the coach would growl that he wasn't satisfied and he'd send us back out on the field at night, under lights, to scrimmage and scrimmage and scrimmage until we could hardly hold our heads up, let alone read a book on history

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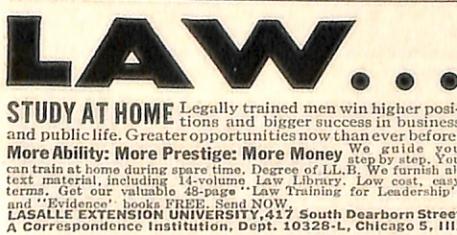
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or economics when we got back to our rooms. Boy, that was really rugged." This player had just finished a pro practice session which lasted about two hours and a half, in which there was no contact play whatsoever. The player felt fine, all set for afternoon classes in law school.

To a pro coach, a sprained ankle or a chipped bone in practice is nothing short of a crime. If ankles are to be sprained and bones chipped it should at least happen on Sunday after the turnstiles stop clicking. Pro players are not encouraged to play reckless football. To a pro, a flying tackle is grandstand stuff, more dangerous and less effective than a hard-driving tackle with one or two feet digging into the ground. If a pro is hurt in a game he is considered capable of judging his own injury. If he wants to come out it's okay with the coach, but pro players know better than to come out suffering from something as minor as a stiff kick in the shins. Looking back on their college careers, the pros can remember how certain players would get an unpleasant whack in a game and then put on an act for the benefit of the coach, hobbling and grimacing until they succeeded in being taken out of the game. A pro coach has no sympathy for such malingerers.

A college coach can afford to be patient and indulgent on occasion and sometimes he can pamper his stars. The pro coach has neither the time nor the inclination for such tactics. An expert said recently, "The three top pro coaches today are Steve Owen of the N. Y. Giants, George Hallas of the Chicago Bears and Curly Lambeau of the Green Bay Packers. Of these three, only Owen would have the patience and personality to handle adolescent college football players."

THE spirit with which pros play football is based on business, but there is more to it than that. A great many pro athletes love football as pro baseball players love baseball. They like to play the game. Moreover, as Americans schooled in competitive athletics, they like to win, and they'll fight hard to win, as hard as the lyrics of a corny college song would have players fight for dear old Mulligatawny. When the Chicago Bears beat the Green Bay Packers 30-3 a few years ago, an All-American end, just out of college, playing his first season with the Packers, nonchalantly tossed his helmet to a trainer and said, "Aw, what the hell, fellas, don't be so downhearted, it was just another ball game." Incredibly as it may seem, this lackadaisical attitude cost the ex-All-American his job. Some of the Green Bay players were so incensed by this lack of the will to win that they banded together and presented a petition to have the ex-All-American released. And he was released, much to his amazement.

In the last minutes of play of a

close game between the Chicago Cardinals and Green Bay Packers, the latter team tried a field goal with a Green Bay tackle, Ade Schwammel, doing the kicking. The three points for the field goal meant the difference between victory and defeat. The ball came back from center, was set up on a bias; Schwammel kicked; the ball slanted off to the right; the kick failed, and Schwammel burst into tears. And none of the pro players on the field was particularly surprised at such a display of emotion.

This writer vividly remembers a game last Fall between the N. Y. Giants and the Boston Yankees. The Giants piled up what looked like an insurmountable lead. Under similar circumstances, college teams on the short end of the score have sagged, given up. But the Yankees kept on scrapping, played wide-open football and achieved a 27-27 tie. Even the Yankee spotter in the press box, a middle-aged man, was almost breathless with excitement as his team fought its way back into the ball game. The pros use such people as play-by-play scouts. The scout sits in the press box where he can get a bird's-eye-view of the play, and phones advice down to the bench: "Watch that left end on a pass"; "Don't use that reverse any more." At a crucial moment in the Giants-Yankees game the spotter's phone went dead as he was imploring his team to watch a Giant end. On the next play the Giant end caught a pass for a touchdown. The spotter is probably still wondering if his communications with the bench were sabotaged.

When the crowd left the Polo Grounds after the Giants-Yankees game the expressions on the people's faces were satisfied expressions; the people had got their money's worth. And yet it had been a particularly depressing day with a cold, drizzling rain and a gloom that became so thick with city smog that the floodlights had had to be turned on in the fourth quarter. But the play had been hard and fast and satisfying to the people's hunger for thrills and excitement. In spite of the playing conditions, the pros had thrown plenty of passes after a kindly official wearing a cellophane skirt to protect his white knickerbockers had wiped the soaked ball with a towel. The pros had not tightened up and kicked on third down like cautious college teams, nor had they refused to pass when in possession of the ball deep in their own territory.

Just a few weeks before this Giants-Yankees game, this writer had seen Notre Dame play Army to a scoreless tie. Here were probably the two best college teams in the country. They played good, sound football. But compared to the football played by the pros, it was dull football, with neither team daring to risk defeat by opening up the game with razzle-dazzle. Notre Dame and Army played tense and cautious football and when the big crowd left the Yankee Stadium there was a cer-

tain sourness in many faces; no emotions had been satisfied that Saturday afternoon; the people had not received their money's worth and the tickets had been expensive, too—\$4.80 apiece.

One of the players in this Giants-Yankees game was Frank Reagan, All-American at the University of Pennsylvania. According to Reagan, pro and college football are as different as night and day. In Reagan's opinion pro backs run harder, fake better and throw their passes with much more speed and accuracy.

By "faking" Reagan means carrying out a feint, the art of deception, which is highly developed in pro football. For example, Smith, the quarterback, in a T formation gets the ball from center and fakes handing it off to Jones, the fullback, then deftly hands it to Brown, the tailback. Jones, the fullback, is supposed to carry out this deception with a touch of ballet, the theater and the movies. But Jones may have been a bigshot at dear old Mulligatwny where he carried the ball on every other play. With the pros, Jones may fit better into the quarterback's plan as a burly decoy. This Jones resents; "Lemme have a shot at it," he complains. Disgruntled because he can't carry the ball, Jones' faking couldn't deceive the left tackle on Petulant Prep, and Brown, the tailback, actually carrying the ball on this play, is smeared for no gain. Jones is yanked. He learns to carry out his fakes, or else.

"Setting up a block" is another maneuver many college stars have to learn in pro football. Len Younce, an ex-University of Oregon star and a veteran guard for the N. Y. Giants, says, "When I pull out of the line and go down the field ahead of a ball carrier he makes my work easier for me, if he's a seasoned pro, by setting up his blocks. By this I mean maneuvering the opponent into a position where I can throw my block with maximum efficiency. For example, I'm running ahead of the ball carrier, Smith. Waiting for us is Jones, the opposing halfback. As we come in close, my teammate Smith fakes to

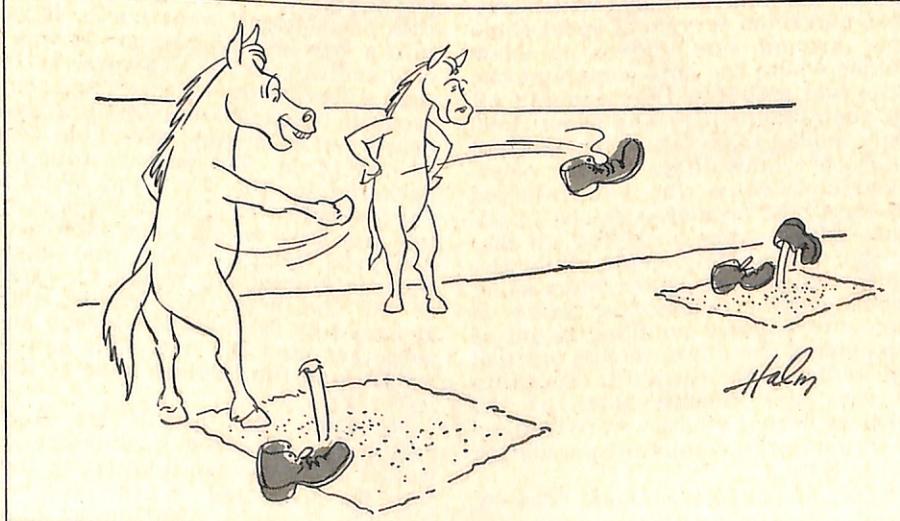
the left with head-hip and shoulders, throws Jones off balance and breaks to the right. At the moment of the fake, when Jones is off balance and wide open, I crack him, and away goes my friend Smith. That is called setting up a block. I've run in front of ex-All-Americans, college stars, who had never learned the very useful art of helping the blocker."

ONE question almost always is asked when pro and college football are compared: "Is pro football dirtier than college football?"

Frank Reagan, the old Penn star, had a surprising answer for that one. "I've played three kinds of football," said Reagan, "high school, college and pro. Believe it or not, the dirtiest football was played in the high school league; the next dirtiest was college; the cleanest football, besides being the best, is played by the pros."

There are some good reasons for this surprising state of affairs. One major reason is that the pros don't want to lose any more teeth than they have to. They favor hard but not reckless football. They know that a broken leg may mean the end of a pro's career and if a player's leg is in a vulnerable spot in a tangle, they don't come down on it with 200-odd pounds of bone muscle and equipment. They play to win but they don't play to ruin each other, although noses are apt to get broken once in a while. Not long ago, Davey O'Brien, a fine passer and a small guy for pro football at 145 pounds, was getting crushed by the Chicago Bears almost every time he got off a pass. Few people at football games watch what happens to the passer after he gets off his passes; more often than not he is used as a landing field by bodies that have come flying through the air to block the pass or tackle the passer. The hugs of the Chicago Bears weren't doing Mr. O'Brien any good and would, in the long run, have been bad for the game because a stricken O'Brien would no longer have been able to throw the passes to thrill the crowd.

(Continued on page 26)



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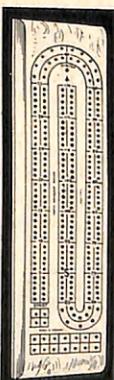
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The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you. Therefore, please note on your records that all material sent for publication in the Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the 15th of the second month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—news items intended for the December issue should reach us by October 15th.

So one of the Bears, a big husky fellow named Stydahar, took it upon himself to protect O'Brien after the plucky little quarterback got off his pass. It was a legitimate and intelligent piece of pro football. As the protection came after the pass was thrown, it did not aid the enemy and it did spare O'Brien, a player who made up a large part of the afternoon's entertainment.

In a pro game last season, a big tackle stuck out a hand and helped to his feet a kicker just knocked to the ground after getting off a punt. In the same season a Notre Dame fan was heard shrieking with joy when a player stretched out on the field turned out to be Glenn Davis of Army. A friend of this writer's was a tackle on the Yale team when Albie Booth got knocked out of the game by Army. The next year an Army player threw himself headlong at a Yale man and failed to get up. A Yale player, walking by the crowd around the victim, remembered bitterly what Army had done to Albie Booth, and muttered, "I hope he's dead." Unfortunately, the Army player was dead, of a broken neck.

Pro football players realize that dirty or reckless football means severe damage to necessary property—legs and arms. Therefore they hand out drastic punishment to offenders. And as pro teams usually play two games against each other during a season there is sufficient opportunity to repay old debts. There was the case, for example, of the player who specialized in crippling the man who held the ball at the kickoff, a player

who was vulnerable because of his unprotected crouch. The dirty player would give this innocent the works, while officials were down the field under the kick, watching the main action. The offender offended once too often. A trap was laid. A husky lineman faked going down under the kick, turned back, let the offender get near the bait and then—Wham! hit him with elbow, knees and cleats. They had to carry the dirty player off the field but he left three teeth behind—bicuspid they were, too.

Well, to get back to Davis and Blanchard, would they have made the grade in pro football? Davis was a very fast slick runner, but as a passer he was a long way from Sammy Baugh or Sid Luckman. Blanchard was a powerhouse plunging through the line but many observers questioned his ability as a pass defender, an ability which is very desirable in a pro back. Davis and Blanchard would undoubtedly have missed their cheering section—incidentally, one of the best in the country, the corps of cadets—and would have had to make all the usual adjustments that lie between the life of heroes and Army men and the lives of unworshipped civilians. I remember asking a veteran pro back what he thought about the chances of the famous Army pair. "Well," he said, "I dunno. I saw them only once. But there was one guy on the team who, I think, would have made the grade if he could have speeded up his passes. That was the Army quarterback, Arnold Tucker."

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 11)

squatting in the tulips or marsh grass and listening to the music of their wings as a flock swings overhead.

LAST winter I did a lot of looking and listening, and I saw lots of ducks—but not enough. The refuges were full, all right, and they will be as long as there are any ducks at all. Ducks like refuges. They like the resort accommodations with free linen and room service. I spent some time around one refuge in New Mexico where the only complaint the birds had was that they couldn't all get their feet wet at the same time. They had to take turns. There were a lot of cranes there, rather privileged characters who had reserved all the night accommodations in advance. These big birds fed all day in the surrounding fields while the ducks cooled their bellies; then along about evening when the flocks of huge cranes came tumbling in out of the sunset, the ducks moved out and fed in the fields all night. Speaking of the duck census, some of the farmers in that vicinity were inclined to estimate the waterfowl population in the billions.

Sure, ducks like refuges. They're sociable critters anyway, and they

love to gather in big flocks where they can sit and all chatter at once, like a bunch of women at a Sunday social. A duck can smell a refuge like an alley cat can smell an old fish head.

But outside the refuges there weren't the ducks I would have liked to see—not down in the Ten Thousand Islands of Florida, nor in the bayous of Mississippi and Louisiana, nor along the Texas coast. And when this brood stock went north, it ran into a late nesting season. It was a cold and wet Spring. This was better than a dry Spring, however, and some areas in Canada from which I have heard report a very favorable crop of new birds. The bulk of evidence gathered by the Fish and Wildlife Service indicates that over the nesting area as a whole conditions were not good. They report that there weren't any young ducks to speak of off the nests in Canada until around July first. So the season had to be cut, and the bag limit had to be cut, and the hunters have to like it.

No one, least of all the duck hunter, likes to see a shortage of waterfowl. How can a situation like this be prevented in the future? Possibly it can't. The hunter take

can be governed fairly well by regulation. Also, maybe we can prevent and remedy some of man's errors, such as excessive drainage. But Nature still plays a mighty important role. We don't have the old gal figured out yet. Look at the Mississippi; man has been trying to tame her ever since the first makeshift ferries crossed her turbulent waters. Mark Twain said years ago that a person would go to bed farming corn and wake up farming catfish, and it's still true. Whenever it begins to look like the old river is harnessed, she just loosens her girdle, stretches a bit, like she did last Spring, and sends everyone running for the tall timber.

No, man hasn't succeeded in bending the elements to his will yet, but the situation is being approached more logically these days. The error of the drainage mania has become evident and much fine work has been done by the Fish and Wildlife Service, Ducks Unlimited and the Dominion of Canada to restore breeding grounds of ducks. Work like this not only helps ducks, but it tends to hold back the heavy Spring rains and helps avoid alternate series of flood and drought.

Along these lines, the Fish and Wildlife Service has instituted a six-point program for waterfowl management in which is outlined just how the States and local organizations can do their bit to restore and preserve the duck supply. The Service is extending every effort to produce large duck crops. But it needs help. The personnel and funds of the Wildlife Service are limited. The backing of the sportsmen themselves is needed.

THE hunter and fisherman is by nature pretty much of an individualist—too much so at times. Legislators are prone to react to the persons or groups who make the most noise. The sportsman has to make himself heard if he wants action.

An example of an outfit which can make a lot of noise for its size is

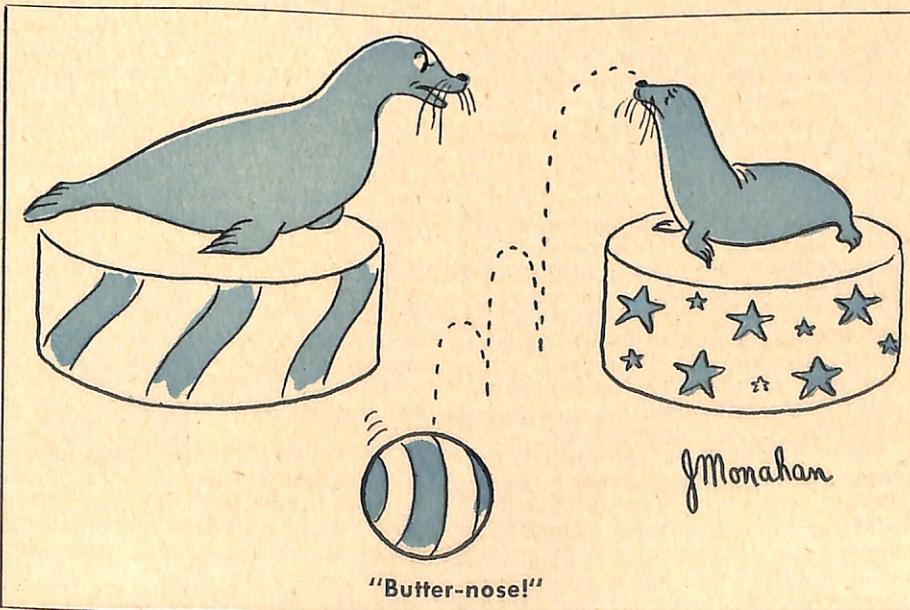
the National Audubon Society. This society, eminently respectable and well thought of generally, has dug up an issue against the harassed hunters.

Last Spring the Society came out with this suggestion: it proposed that the waterfowl season be closed completely this year, a suggestion which was made before the first duck had flown to the nesting grounds and before the first egg of the season had been laid. No one but a star-gazer could have guessed at that time whether there would be 50 million or 150 million ducks this Fall.

The talk of such an outfit might seem innocent enough, but it can be a lesson to sportsmen's organizations. A few years ago the Audubon Society actually pushed through legislation in New York State which made lawbreakers out of fishermen who fashioned trout flies out of barnyard mallard feathers!

No true sportsman would balk at a closed season on ducks if at any time competent observers should decide that it was necessary for the future of waterfowl. But so far, closed seasons haven't proved anything. The season has been closed on many species of shore birds for more than thirty years, and they haven't increased a bit so anyone could notice it. In fact, these birds remain in such limited numbers—instead of having increased a thousandfold—that most people wouldn't recognize a turnstone, phalarope, willet, plover, godwit or any of the others if they should see one.

A definite crop can be harvested each season without reducing the total supply one iota. We harvest enough beef to feed ourselves, with some left over for the rest of the world; yet if we stopped slaughtering cattle entirely, the total would not increase. The range can support just so many and no more. It is no different with wild game. It is the job of the Fish and Wildlife Service to determine just how large a crop of wildfowl can be harvested.



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IN THE DOGHOUSE



with Ed Faust

Ed gets his mind off the British breeds and moves along to Germany.

THINKING about these dog pages the other day, I said to Faust, "Look here, Peculiar, your editors deserve a hearty vote of thanks for their patience with you. Here you've been stringing these articles on British dogs on, and on, and on. And you still have two more breeds to cover."

"All right," I said, "but don't forget that I had to cover more than forty breeds, so many that I couldn't squeeze in the two that you mention, the bulldog and the Yorkshire terrier. And, by Jing, they'll get in this piece if I have to print it myself."

So let's take a look at the bulldog first. He's that bandy-legged galoot with the pushed-in face. People who don't know the breed take one look at this canine gargoyle and then begin to back away. He's the toughest-looking thing on four legs. Crocodiles are handsome in comparison. But actually he's one of the most gentle of all dogs; his face is really a false face. In the first place, his lower jaw protrudes so much that it is difficult for him to retain a grip on anything. That same deformity often helps shorten the dog's life and frequently results in various forms of throat and nose illnesses. Many years ago he was bred for bullbaiting just as the bullterrier was. When that so-called sport was outlawed the breeders, being very fond of the dog, kept on breeding him. In doing so, they bred much of the fight out of him so that today, as I said, he is one of the gentlest creatures you could find. For this reason he is an excellent pet and guardian for children, and possesses unusual courage. The size for grown dogs is about 50 pounds; for the females, about 40 pounds. Preferred colors are red brindle, all other brindles, solid white, solid red, fawn or fallow (a pale yellow) and piebald.

If ever a dog looked like an animated mop it's the Yorkshire terrier, a dog scarcely a terrier, although bearing a terrier label. He's catalogued by the American Kennel Club as a toy dog. He has a clouded ancestry in that no one knows pre-

cisely what breeds he springs from, and although a mixture, he breeds true to type. As his name indicates, his jumping-off place was Yorkshire, England. His color is a dark steel blue and his coat is the longest possessed by any pooch. It trails the ground. He looks very much like a four-legged Santa Claus. His head is a rich golden tan and his coat underneath his chest is a rich bright tan. His legs are tan, too. There is no weight standard for him but like all the toy dogs, he's a little fellow. His coat, because of its length, requires a terrific amount of care. It also restricts the dog's freedom as the breeders find that the free-running Yorkshire damages the coat too much. Even his feet are kept booted so that when he scratches he won't damage the coat.

So with these two purps we wind up the British breeds.

Now let's move to the dogs of our late enemies, the Germans. First, there's the German short-haired pointer. Roughly he has a pointer-like body. A fifth of his tail is docked and he weighs from 45 to 70 pounds. His colors are solid liver or combinations of liver and white. He is a very strongly built dog, powerfully muscled. He hasn't the trim build of the pointer, but is more heavily constructed. The breed isn't very old and represents a combination of the bloodhound, the Spanish pointer and the English foxhound. He's an adaptable dog and has been labeled "The All-Purpose Dog". Due, no doubt, to the bloodhound in him, his scenting powers are remarkable. He's an excellent night trailer, a fine duck dog, a retriever that will hold his own against any other retrievers, a splendid pointing dog and a fine, intelligent, all-around family pet.

FOR many years the German sportsmen used the old Spanish pointer in the field but they wanted a dog that would point rabbits and birds in daytime and trail four-footed game at night. They then crossed the bloodhound with the

pointer and got a heavy dog that did both. Then, about fifty years ago, they began to take note of the English pointer as well as the American version of that breed. They found that these two breeds had more zip and dash than did their own. As a result, they began crossing their pointers with ours and those of England. The American and English pointer is the result of that experiment. Oddly enough, his feet are webbed. He's built for field endurance and has one of the most dense, water-resistant coats among all dogs. He's been successfully employed as pointer-retriever on all sorts of feathered game and furred critters up to the size of deer. But don't get the idea that he retrieves the latter; he simply trails and points. Brother, if you want an all-around dog for your hunting forays, here's your guy.

Another German sporting dog is the Weimaraner. He hails from Weimar, Germany, the home of the celebrated writer, Goethe. The nobles of the court there decided that they wanted an all-around pooch. The breed is about 135 years old. There's one chance in a—well, you name the odds and you can name them higher than a cat's back—that you'll ever see one outside of a dog show. Originally it was intended that this was to be the representative German dog. The breeders were in agreement, those long years ago, that no specimen could leave Germany. Rigid control was exercised and all poor specimens were promptly destroyed. They're big dogs, ranging from 55 to 85 pounds. They had to be big as they were first used on wolves, deer, mountain lions, wild boars, wildcats and bear, too. The original Weimaraner Club in Germany restricted ownership of these dogs to club members only and the Weimaraner Club in America today does the same thing. For many years they were kept off the show bench by their owners and only now do you see a few at the largest shows. The German police found them very useful in locating missing persons and law-breakers. It is said to be an excellent trailer, a fast but quiet dog in the field. Its color is grey and it has the drooping hound's ear. He's a short-coated dog but is said to be able to get through the stiffest un-

derbrush with little effort, as he is powerfully built. Parents who own a Weimaraner say he is an excellent guardian dog as well as being gentle with the wee ones.

WE NOW give you the dachshund, that grotesque, little animated doggy sausage. To the writer's way of thinking, there's something about the dachs that is typically German, but don't ask me why. The word dachs means badger; hund, of course, as most people know, means dog. Hence this little fellow's name means badger dog. The breed is very old. Pictures drawn back in the Fifteenth Century show badgers being hunted by dogs similar to the dachshund. Now if you are up in your zoology you'll know that Mr. Badger is one of the fightingest critters in all the world. In fact, pound for pound he can probably whip any creature his size—except the doxy, as he's known among his breeders. What many people do not know is that there are three varieties of coat for this breed. There's the smooth coat, the wire-haired and the long coat. The wire coat was developed for protection against brushwood when the dogs are in the field; the long coat for protection when the dogs were in the water. As small as these dogs are they were also used to hunt wild boar and fox. Importations of the dogs into this country began before the first American dog show was held, back in the late Seventies. But the dogs were not much in the field as this country does not have the wild boar.

The next time you see one of these dogs take a close look at its head. You'll see a remarkably powerful jaw, heavier than you'd expect in a dog of that size. It is well muscled and equipped with teeth that are strong, cutting, tearing tools. The wire-haired variety is just what the name denotes. The long-coated has a finish something like that of the Irish setter. Colors can be solid red or tan of different shades, black and tan, chocolate with tan. With the exception of the last, all varieties should have black noses, nails and a narrow black line on the edges of lips and eyelids. The chocolate variety should have a brown nose. For the wire-haired dachs, all colors are

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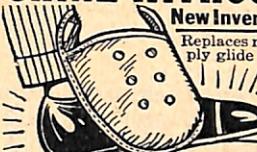
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permissible. For the long-haired, there are the same color restrictions as for the smooth-coated, and it is hardly necessary to name the size as the breed is so well known.

Another German dog, although not a creation of the Germans, is the boxer. The Germans did develop the breed as we know it today. Some of the enthusiasts for these dogs claim that they trace back to an ancestry that begins in Tibet. I mean the dogs; not the people. In this dog there are bulldog blood, remote mas-

tiff and a dash of terrier. It's another pup that was formerly used for bullbaiting and also for professional dog-fighting. It was among the first breeds to be selected for training for police work, because the boxer has unusual moxie—or courage—speed and endurance. It is an exceptionally intelligent pooch, too. During the two last World Wars some of these pups were employed by the armed forces and they rolled up a right smart record. The name of the breed comes from the fact

that, differing from most dogs, when they fight they rise on their hind legs and paw their opponent just as a human boxer would. They are clean-cut dogs, short-coated, well and powerfully muscled front and rear. You won't see many of them outside of a dog show but you will in time because the breed is rapidly becoming popular.

Next month we'll move into an appraisal of the remaining seven German dogs.

Independence, U.S.A.

(Continued from page 6)

hope, prepared by Dickinson, had been shunted aside contemptuously by the king with the declaration that the Americans were rebels to be put down by force. He had warned the easy-going Lord North that he was "unalterably determined at every hazard and at every risk of every consequence to compel the Colonies to absolute submission". Again the best political minds in England, Lord Mansfield, Burke, Charles James Fox, protested with vehemence and eloquence but the country members smirked in high disdain and hurried forth to their beef and ale.

IT WAS about this time that Thomas Jefferson appeared as a new delegate from Virginia.

Galloway had retired to private life to write his defense of the mad monarch, and the leadership of the appeasers passed to John Dickinson, a brilliant and an honest man. He differed from Galloway in that while both sought reconciliation with the king through appeasement approaches, Galloway was primarily concerned in serving the monarch, while Dickinson's chief concern was persuading from the monarch the recognition of American rights under the British Constitution. A brilliant lawyer and a profound student of political philosophy, Dickinson had rendered distinguished patriotic service in the celebrated letters of "A Pennsylvania Farmer". Rich, and an aristocrat in his manner of living, his beautiful country place near Philadelphia was thrown open to the lavish entertainment of congressmen who were expected to succumb to the seductive graces of the aristocracy. To him, independence was unthinkable until every conceivable experiment had been tried upon the king without success. He was to fight against the Declaration of Independence to the end, and then, instantly, to don his uniform to take his place in the patriotic army.

Aggressively leading the fight for separation from the Empire now, were Sam Adams, John Adams, Ben Franklin and Richard Henry Lee—all veterans; and Jefferson, new in Congress and in his thirty-third year, was pushed by them to the forefront of the fight. His fame as a political thinker and writer had preceded him. His "Summary View"

had made a profound impression because of the depth of its political philosophy and the elegance of its phrasing. Scarcely had he warmed his seat when the veterans turned to him to write the Reply to the Propositions of Lord North—because he had written the reply for the Virginia Legislature.

Meanwhile, Sam Adams was putting his political machine to work organizing the masses for resistance, and the flaming pamphlet of Thomas Paine was starting a popular conflagration. In Virginia, Jefferson and Lee were organizing to the same end, and on June 7, 1776, Lee, on instructions from Virginia, offered his resolution declaring for absolute independence, a confederation of the Colonies for the war, and an alliance with France, if possible.

It is interesting to note that at this time the delegates from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and South Carolina were under positive instructions to vote against a Declaration of Independence. The fight was on. Dickinson assumed the leadership of the opposition. The debate was bitter. With consummate cleverness, Dickinson argued for delay. Better wait, he said, until public opinion was clearly pronounced; until all the Colonies were as one for independence; until an alliance with a foreign power could be made. Adams, Lee and Wythe, the great Virginia jurist at whose feet Jefferson had sat in the study of law, replied with force and eloquence. Unhappily, the most historic debate in American history is not reported, and the sessions were



in secret. After three days it was agreed to postpone the vote for three weeks to permit the delegates to consult the wishes of their constituents.

Those three hectic weeks on which history hung were crowded with the maneuvering of consummate politicians, with the opposition urging the legislatures of the six Colonies that had instructed their delegates against independence to stand firm, and with the partisans of independence mobilizing public opinion to hammer imperiously on the legislative doors and demand the rescinding of the instructions. The sponsors of the Virginia resolutions were the greater politicians, with a better understanding of mass psychology, and a greater skill in organization. So certain were they of victory, that when the debate on the Lee resolutions was suspended for three weeks, a committee was named to frame a Declaration of Independence and have it ready when the hour of triumph struck.

THE feuds that had developed in the clashing of plans and ambitions are indicated in the remarkable fact that Lee, the author of the resolutions, who, according to custom, should have been on the committee, was excluded by the vote. The inclusion of Jefferson was a tribute to his pen, his mind, his superior political genius. He received the highest vote of all, exceeding that given to John Adams and Ben Franklin.

The committee met.

There sat Franklin, universal genius, ardent patriot whose diplomatic talents had brilliantly served the Colonies for many years—an old man, now, with twinges of the gout. There sat John Adams, political philosopher, seasoned statesman, reputed to have made the greatest speech for independence in the memorable debate—irascible, grumpy and great. About the table sat Roger Sherman, distinguished for years for his patriotism and capacity, and the youngest of all, Robert Livingston of the aristocratic clan of New York, of whom much was expected. And there, silent and rather retiring, sat a reddish-haired young man who had received more votes than any of the others—Jefferson.

That he was elected because of his demonstrated genius with the pen cannot be questioned. Adams makes this clear in his statement that Jefferson "had the reputation of a masterly pen" and was "the author of a handsome public paper which had given him the character of a fine writer". That he was made chairman of the committee for this very reason is almost certain, though Adams, in crotchety mood, ascribed it solely to the fact that he had received the most votes.

The men about the table exchanged general views on the nature of the document to be drawn, and then turned, as one man, to Jefferson to phrase it. In his autobiography Jefferson merely says that "the committee for drawing up the Decla-

ration of Independence desired me to do it". Adams, in his autobiography, written during the breach in the friendship of the two men, would have it that both he and Jefferson had been assigned the task. Even so, Adams admits that Jefferson wrote the Declaration and says it was on his insistence; that Jefferson proposed that Adams take the notes to his own lodging and phrase the document; that he refused on the ground that it should come from Virginia since it would encounter less opposition, and because he had "a great opinion of the elegance of Jefferson's pen and none at all of his own".

It is a pity that the house in which this immortal document was written by Jefferson should not have been sacredly preserved as a national shrine. This house stood on the south side of Market Street, between Seventh and Eighth, with no close neighbors. It was the property of a German bricklayer by the name of Graf. Jefferson had two rooms on the second floor, a bedroom and another serving as living room and study in which most of the greatest men of the Revolution often met in conference. Washington and the two Adamses, and Richard Henry Lee knew this room intimately. But that lack of reverence for old things and for tradition, which is one of the weaknesses of our character, doomed this shrine to destruction. One February day in 1883, Thomas Donaldson "saw a huge Celt, at the word of command, thrust his crowbar under the shingles of the roof, and the destruction of one of the most historic buildings of the globe began".

In this house Jefferson sat down in the study at a table he himself had designed, and which still exists, to the writing of the Declaration of Independence. On the table there was not one single book of reference, not one pamphlet. With all works that might have served, he was intimately familiar, and from youth he had meditated on what he had read and seen. He had no thought of seeking ideas never before uttered. For two days only he bent above that little desk in the throes of composition, and without consultation with anyone, and out of the richness of his reading and thinking, came the Declaration.

THE first draft completed, he submitted it to the critical judgment of Adams, who made a few minor criticisms. It was then taken to the house of Franklin, confined to his home with an attack of gout, but it does not seem that he made a single suggestion. To these two alone, as far as we know, the document was submitted before being laid before the full committee. The approval of all the members was forthcoming.

Thus when, after the three weeks' recess, the vote on Lee's resolution was given; the Declaration was ready and waiting. Jefferson, who had the sensibilities of an artist, looked for

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ward with trepidation to the discussion that would follow in Congress on his composition. He was not an orator for a large assembly, partly because of a weakness of his voice, and partly because, in his modesty, he could not dramatize a scene. His genius was with the pen and in intimate conversations. Thus Adams, a robustious debater, was to bear the burden of the debate, and Jefferson always was to remember with admiration and appreciation the brilliance of the performance. But, as the debate progressed, with men unworthy to shine his shoes pouncing on this phrase or that, demanding the elimination of this paragraph or that, the suffering of the silent author was observed by the wise old Franklin whose skin was thick and who could throw off criticism with a shrug. He was very fond of the young Jefferson then and ever after, and, hoping to divert him from his suffering and to amuse him, he bent over and told him this story:

"When I was a journeyman printer," he said as the droning voices of the critics went on, "one of my companions, an apprenticed hatter, having served out his time, was about to open a shop for himself. His first

concern was to have a handsome sign board with a proper inscription. He composed it in these words: 'John Thompson, Hatter, makes and sells hats for ready money', with the figure of a hat subjoined. But he thought he would submit it to his friends for their amendments. The first he showed it to thought the word 'hatter' tautologous, because followed by the words 'makes hats' which showed he was a hatter. It was struck out. The next observed that the word 'makes' might as well be omitted because his customers would not care who made the hats. If good, and to their mind, they would buy by whosoever made. He struck it out. A third said he thought the words 'for ready money' were useless as it was not the custom of the place to sell on credit. Everyone who purchased expected to pay. They were parted with, and the inscription stood now: 'John Thompson, sells hats'. 'Sells hats?', said the next friend, 'why nobody would expect you to give them away. What then is the use of those words?' They were stricken out, and 'hats' followed it, the rather as one was painted on the board. So the inscription was reduced ultimately to

'John Thompson' with the figure of a hat subjoined."

It is not of record that Jefferson was amused at the time, but years later he often told the story with a chuckle. In facetious mood, in later years, he was to insist that the debate under which he suffered might have had no terminal facilities but for the horseflies from a nearby stable that poured through the open windows, torturing the harassed delegates with their stings on the stocking legs.

Jefferson's Declaration was materially changed but little. Most of the argument in the Declaration merely preserves for history the story of the grievances long gone, but one paragraph, the preamble, is immortal in that it condenses into a few words the whole of the gospel of American Democracy: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness; that to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

Thanks for Everything

(Continued from page 16)

after day, positive at first, then hopeful, then prayerful, that the bird-man would return.

Once a great shining bird had come, announcing its arrival with a faint whine high in the heavens. Kajo had stood like a thing of stone on the beach, watching until his eyes were scorched by the sun. But the bird had flown past at a great height, never wavering. And then old Tagago, who had been to Tawitawi once, said indifferently, "You wait in vain, Stupid One. The troubles between the Amerikano tribe and the little people from the far-off islands are finished now. The white one will not come back."

After that, Kajo had stopped hoping.

When he had finished stringing up the octopus, he looked back at the village. The sun had long since risen from its hiding place beyond the great sea. The calm water close to shore swarmed with the boats of Kajo's people, who loved the sea and lived upon it. No one called to Kajo or waved to him.

With a shrug he turned to the tiny clay stove in the stern of his barota. In its base a segment of old dry coconut smouldered sleepily. He sprinkled fibers on the burning husk and leaned forward to wake the flame with his breath.

At that moment, from far above him, a pulsing hum reached down to disturb the morning's quiet!

KAJO looked up, startled. At first he saw only the glitter of the sky, unmarred by even a puff of cloud. But the sound persisted. It

grew louder. And suddenly his sharp eyes detected a small, shining thing that flew.

He tried not to hope. Long ago he had told himself that hoping was foolish. What if this was a magic bird? It could not be the one for which he waited. But he stood up in the boat, gripping his fish-spear with hands that trembled and were cold as he watched the thing in the sky speed closer.

It was descending! He saw it clearly as it slipped sideways and the sun danced on its polished wings. A shout burst from his lips. This bird was like the other, with the same squared wings and stubby body! And as it swooped low over the village and leveled off to speed along the island shore, he saw the bird-man waving.

Who else among the Bajaoos would he be waving to, except Kajo?

All at once something happened. Kajo saw it happen. His gaze was following the magic bird as a hunter's gaze clings to a jungle bird in flight, and he saw something small and dark leap from the waving hand of the bird-man. It fell toward the beach. A white puff appeared in the air above it, swelling out to a tiny cloud. The dark object stopped falling. It hung in the air under the cloud, swinging to and fro, slowly, as a small boy might swing on a vine.

Slowly, very slowly, it settled—but not toward the beach now, for the offshore wind had trapped the cloud and was pushing it seaward. All along shore and in the village, the Bajaoos had stopped work and were watching.

The magic cloud with its dangling dark appendage floated serenely out over the quiet water—out over the reef where the sea curled white and ugly above a hidden ridge of coral. Beyond the reef its strange flight ended. First the dark object, then the cloud itself, fell into the sea. Kajo saw them floating on the rolling swells.

He looked up. The magic bird was high in the sky again, speeding into the sun.

With a shout of elation Kajo seized his paddle and made his barota fly like a frightened fish over the water. But it was not to be that simple. Other outriggers were nearer the reef than his. Some, moreover, were doubly manned—two paddles flashing to Kajo's one. He wept as the leading craft boiled ahead of him. He saw who was in it, and his lips drew thin.

His own brother, Mibuto, was crouched in the bow. Behind him knelt his friend Limicon, the only son of the tribe's honored war chief. Both were older, stronger than Kajo. Both despised him. Looking back, they jeered at his futile efforts. The sky-god's gift was for him and they knew it—and they meant to take it from him!

In their triumph they disdained even to point for the place in the reef where the sea ran calm. Trust Mibuto to show off his prowess with the whole village watching! Boldly he and the chief's son flung their outrigger at the foaming wall of surf and through it—swift and sure as a spear through a shower of jungle leaves. Kajo watched with anguished

eyes as they plucked the white god's gift from the sea and turned back toward the village. Derisively they waved to him.

They should not have waved. Not then. Not with the reef to re-cross and the heavy deepwater swells tossing their slender craft half way to heaven. That was foolish, even for boatmen so skilled and fearless.

In the trough of a giant wave their barota plunged downward, standing on its nose. The following wave burst above them and they were not quick enough with their paddles. A tempest of water foamed over them, churning them under, pressing them down out of sight against the hidden spines of coral. Kajo saw it clearly.

A DREADFUL moment passed. Where the boat had been was nothing. Then up from below bobbed bits of splintered wood and the thing the white man had let fall from the magic bird. And at last two heads appeared, with something between them.

The thing between them should not have been inside the reef. It was long—longer than a man is tall—with a dark blue fin and telltale blunt tail. Kajo shrilled a warning and waved his arms, knowing he had been right in keeping out of the creature's way before.

This was no reef shark that could be frightened by shouting or pounding the water with a paddle. It was a man-eating monster which somehow had worked its way across the coral barrier and been trapped here, and now, maddened by captivity, would kill merely for the love of killing!

Mibuto, brother of Kajo, saw it coming and screamed as he swam to escape it. But the shark ignored Mibuto. It rushed at his companion, dazed by the mauling of the surf and now treading water helplessly while clinging with one hand to a fragment of the boat.

Blood flowed from Limicon's clutching hand. The smell of blood would be in the water.

Kajo snatched his bolo from its wooden scabbard and came unsteadily to his feet. He took in breath until his lungs would hold no more. With the knife in his teeth he dived, and his thin brown body entered the water with scarcely a sound.

He dived deep.

No frenzied splashing would frighten this monster—not with the smell of blood on the sea. But surprise might help. The sudden appearance of a quick, strong foe, the bite of a bolo blade, the impact of a clenched fist on the creature's sensitive nose—these things might turn the fish away for an instant. Kajo did not know, but had heard of such things. Like a dark shadow he shot through the water, well under the surface.

He saw the waving feet of Limicon above him. Almost at the same instant the gaping mouth of the shark swirled in from the side to slash at them. Kajo snatched the knife from his teeth and met the

monster's charge. His shoulder brushed Limicon's legs as he did so, and he felt the shudder of fear that ran through them.

The bolo, biting deep, was almost wrenched from his hand as the great fish turned on him.

Kajo was afraid. But he was quick, too, and strong with a strength that surprised him. For an instant he battled the shark under water, weaving and twisting to avoid the angry mouth while his blade flashed in and out to drain the creature's life. Together the boy and the fish swirled to the surface. Kajo's people, watching, saw the finish of the fight clearly.

They saw the boy's knife glitter in the sunlight, shedding drops of water that ran red. His fist struck home as the shark drove blindly in at him. The bolo plunged downward and ripped a long red gash in the gray body.

The shark fled.

Exhausted, Kajo swam weakly to the wounded Limicon as the outriggers of the sea gypsies sped toward him. He heard shouting but was tired, almost too tired to care. He shut his eyes. Just out of reach, not a paddle's length from his numbed fingers, the white god's gift floated serenely on the sea. . . .

It was strange . . . strange . . . but when he awoke he was in the hut of his father, surrounded by gifts of papayas and pomelos, nuts and dried fish and a live wild pig. And though he lay on his father's mat, which for over a year had been less attainable than the moon, no one ordered him to move. Around him stood old Tatago and the men of the village, smiling and nodding.

Beside him on the mat lay the white god's present, unopened.

Kajo turned the package and saw writing on it. He could not read the writing. Helplessly he looked at Tatago, and the old man said politely, "It is yours. The writing spells your name. Open it."

Kajo broke the waterproof seals and found a second package inside, and opened that and found gifts. So many gifts! A knife with many blades that flashed open and shut. A band of some shining metal studded with beautiful bits of brightness, to be worn about the wrist or ankle. Sweet things to eat. Many, many other gifts. And—wonder of wonders!—a fire-maker, exactly like the one which the sky-man had given him before!

But this fire-maker was tied with string to a small metal can, and on a piece of paper attached to the can was a picture.

Kajo shook the can. It contained a gurgling liquid, perhaps something wonderful to drink. With the eyes of all the others upon him he unscrewed the cap and put the can to his lips. But the liquid burned his tongue and he spat it out, making a face.

Then he removed the picture and looked at that, and discovered that the liquid in the can was for the fire-maker. The picture showed clearly

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how it was to be poured into the tube.

Kajo filled the tube and spun the rubbing-wheel. A beautiful flame leaped forth! The men of the village fell back in awe of him.

THEN it was a familiar story. Like a high wind the news spread through the village, until the hut of Kajo's father was crowded with wondering people who had come to see the magic. Wonderful things were said of Kajo. He was important.

But he was not to be fooled again. When he had made the magic fire a few times, he put the tube away and shook his head gravely. "It will not last," he said. "Take back your gifts

now, before you give them to me."

They were puzzled.

To old Tatago the boy turned for help. "Tell them I'm right, Tatago. You are an old man and wise. You know these things."

The old man pondered a moment, looking wise and thoughtful as an old man should. But he did not take back his own gift, and the others, respecting his wisdom, left theirs untouched also.

"What you say may be true," Tatago declared after lengthy reflection. "The magic fire may not last. But our gifts are for something else, I think—for the courage and cunning it took to do battle with a man-eating shark and save the life of the

war chief's son. The white god gave you more than magic, I think. He shook your hand."

Kajo marveled at this. He looked at his hand—the hand the white god had held. Perhaps Tatago was right.

He remembered clearly the sky-man's words, though their meaning would perhaps never be plain to him. Some day perhaps he would paddle his barota the long way to Tawitawi and ask questions. Then he would know what was meant, exactly, when a tall young Amerikano clasped your hand in a warm, strong grip and said—how was it now?—"Thanks, kid, for everything, and God love you!"

Those few short words must truly be magic indeed!

It's a Man's World

(Continued from page 10)

best bars in the country. As a result of such discussions and considerable attendant research—during which, unfortunately, many of the subjects suffered total demise—it has been generally agreed that alcohol is a specific for pneumonia, bronchitis, influenza or anything remotely associated with a chill, a sneeze or the common cold. These same students of the bended elbow also recognize alcohol's curative powers over anemia, schizophrenia and droopy spirits. In fact, some of its supporters whose scientific standing is open to question maintain that the only illness alcohol won't cure is dipsomania and at least two of them aren't so sure about that.

The latest news, as revealed in the *American Journal of Surgery*, may give the anti-dry forces new courage but it won't add to their enjoyment of potables by so much as a martini. For it is one of the sorry circumstances of Fate that the new cure for high blood pressure cannot be administered by one's favorite bartender. As a matter of fact, you don't feel a thing. You take it under an anesthetic and they shoot it into your spinal column with a syringe and a needle. Cures the high blood pressure, though.

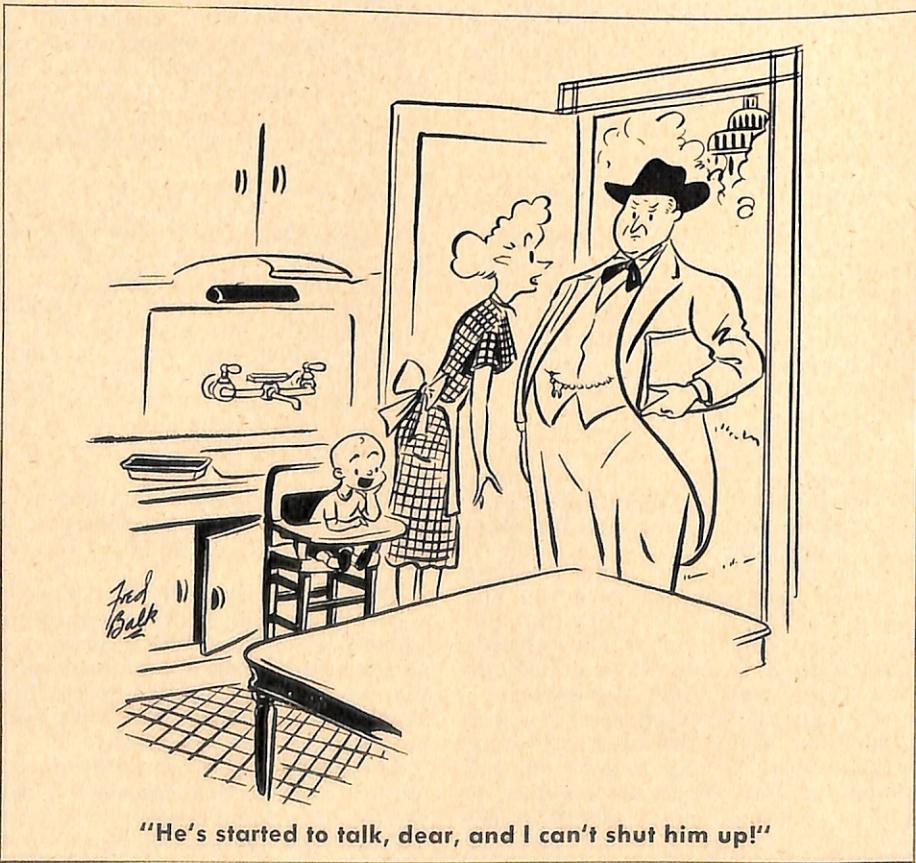
ANOTHER discovery of real moment occurred at Westville Grove, New Jersey, where a couple of enterprising and aesthetic farmers proved that you can fatten hogs more successfully if you give them music with their meals. The Litchman brothers attached two loudspeakers to a radio and set them up in the middle of a king-size barnyard where they are raising 3,500 pigs. Then they tuned in a dance band and let the pigs have it. First thing you know the pigs were as contented as a bunch of college boys listening to Benny Goodman. The pigs' appetites improved and they quieted down too, and stopped their nervous pacing up and down, worrying, whenever somebody came into the barnyard, whether it was the butcher. Best pig soothsayers, say the brothers, are Guy Lombardo and Bing Crosby. Bob Hope isn't in there any place.

Speaking of Hope, have you been winning at poker lately? Then what's for you is a new device called a Poker Coach. This ingenious arrangement is designed to prevent hunch players from going overboard and betting their shirts they can fill an inside straight. It is a computing slide which tells you at a glance just how much chance you've got of filling a hand. Since your chances are usually somewhat less than you think, it serves as an effective restraining influence. Don't expect it to deal you a good hand, though. After all, it only costs \$1.00.

Another valuable aid is the newsletter of the Cleveland Vocational Bureau which every man who operates a business office should read.

The latest issue of this monthly compilation of business facts and suggestions of how to get along with your help, says that it costs the American people \$14,421,600 a year just to write Dear Sir and Very Truly Yours on business letters. It would take 8,000 typists working forty hours a week without vacation to typewrite the Dear Sirs and Very Truly Yourses that will be put on letters in 1947.

It doesn't take a master mind to figure out that here is where we could save a little money without causing anybody serious pain. I therefore propose that the Very Truly Yours be eliminated altogether—when you see the signature you know the letter is finished—and that



salutation be reduced to a simple "Hi". This is a much more agreeable and friendly opening. It would be difficult to follow "Hi" with the stilted phrases that blemish modern business letters. "Hi" might even bring back the charm of letter-writing. Whatever its other virtues,

"Hi" would reduce the cost by around \$11,000,000 a year—a not inconsiderable sum.

Indeed, on reflection it is a most handsome amount. It seems to me that anybody who saves the country \$11,000,000 is entitled to take the afternoon off.

Gadget and Gimmick Department

(Continued from page 22)

million revolutions of the flywheel. It still worked. As a result of all this, the manufacturers decided to give it a lifetime guarantee. They should. The darn' thing went through more than Ray Milland did in "The Lost Weekend".



ALWAYS wondered how those drugstore cowboys managed to spin a lasso around themselves while jumping through the loop and all. I tried it once and it didn't work. So, for a long time, I thought the cowhands really had something there. Maybe they did, but the end of their monopoly on rope spinning is in sight. There is a lasso even a novice can get and spin expertly. It has a small swivel imbedded in the rope and this permits a person to spin like a top if he wants to. One thing about it, it will keep the next generation of kids from being frustrated along rope spinning lines. I think it possible that at the root of some people's neuroses a psychiatrist often finds the murmured statement from the couch, "I always wanted to spin a rope when I was a kid and I never could." Spin away, Brave New World.



THERE is a certain species of automobile driver that is a menace to other drivers. Of course, there are a lot of troublesome people dashing around in automobiles, but this breed I speak of is really very strange. They can drive well, are careful about speed, hand signals

and other safety rules, but they are the non-light-dimmers-at-night. They don't seem to know about that little button on the floor that will turn the lights down. To thwart these drivers completely, here is a new gadget. It is a little light shield made of plastic and fitted to your windshield with a rubber suction cup. It covers the area where approaching cars' lights would strike and blind you. The makers claim it absorbs 90 per cent of the glare of approaching headlights and that it definitely reduces eyestrain and fatigue in night driving. During the day you just swing the gadget up and out of the way. The little contraption would, if printed with the name of your corporation or company, make a good advertising device. If you don't own a corporation or company, that's too bad. I don't either.



EVERYTHING seems to be sold in packages these days. We have become, I'm afraid, a nation of wrappers. The Navy has even gone so far as to wrap up its battleships for safekeeping. Well, there's no use fighting progress, if such it can be called. Here we have a packaged sidewalk. You can buy it with the stones all packaged and pre-cut. I guess they are of the flagstone variety, which will give it a rustic appearance. The pieces are all numbered and fit together just so. It is said that an ordinary bricklayer can assemble the walk. That, I gather, means it doesn't require an extraordinary bricklayer to do the job, which is a good thing because I would imagine an extraordinary bricklayer would cost more. At any rate, there are a dozen different patterns from which to make your selection. Think of it. You can have any one of a dozen patterns of packaged, pre-cut, authentically rustic entrance walks for your home. What is there left to ask for?

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Vacations Unlimited

(Continued from page 17)

of the Smokies and environs just the kind of a place they liked.

Asheville, N. C., and Knoxville, Tenn., are the gateways to the Smokies. Gatlinburg, Tenn., is a big resort city adjacent to them. From both gateways, the Smoky Mountain Tours Company, with six-wheel roll-top limousines, operates one to seven-day tours at costs ranging from \$7 to \$99, plus tax, including meals and hotels. This firm does a most thorough job and will take care of the visitor's car while he is touring.

In a recent chapter in this series, reference was made to St. Luke's (Episcopal) Church, on State Highway 10 not far from Smithfield, Va., as the oldest building of English construction still standing in America, dating from 1632, and to the Warren house at Surrey, Va., built in 1652. The question of which is the oldest house in these United States is a perennially interesting one and this column will be glad to receive any messages on houses that predate, say, 1650. As the record now stands, the oldest frame dwelling in America appears to be the Jonathan Fairbanke (Fairbanks) house at Dedham, Mass., the central portion of the building dating from the year Dedham was established, 1636. Fairbanke came from England with his four sons in the *Speedwell* in 1633 from Yorkshire, England, where he was born about 1595. He first settled in Boston, but Boston apparently has no dwelling still standing that dates farther back than the early 18th Century. In Connecticut, at Guilford, is the old stone house built by the Rev. Henry Whitfield in 1639-40; until 1936 it was a ruin comprising a chimney and one wall, but was then restored by the WPA. It is still described as the oldest stone house in New England.

The oldest house of any architecture in the United States is said to be the dwelling at 14 St. Francis St., St. Augustine, Florida, believed to have been built by the Franciscans prior to 1599. It is now owned by a historical society and is worth a visit by anybody who may be in Florida this winter. Built of coquina, the material of which many ancient forts were constructed, this old house has beams of hand-hewn cedar; narrow, winding stairways, and, in its garden, the famous "wishing well". Probably after reading the foregoing someone will write about the Palace of the Governors in Sante Fé, New Mexico, which dates from 1610 (St. Augustine was founded in 1565) and which is probably the oldest *public* building in the country.

It should be mentioned here, for the sake of a belated vacationist who wishes to go West instead of South

in the Fall months, that there is no place where a week or two could be spent to greater advantage than in the oldest State Capital, Santa Fé. The Santa Fé Railway transfers its Santa Fé passengers to a bus at Lamy, 20 miles distant. Before the La Fonda Hotel was built the Railway used to run a Pullman up from Albuquerque for the day, during which the passengers would tour the Spanish towns and Indian pueblos. Nowadays the tours begin at La Fonda, where the visitors stay if they can get a room. May is the tough month (they had a three-day limit this season) but October and November are not so bad and the climate is almost as nice in December as in June. Santa Fé can take care of only 2,500 visitors a day (only about 650 first-class) and nearly 15 per cent of all transcontinental tourists going through New Mexico try to crash its gates, spending on an average four and one-half days and \$50. Tourism is the city's biggest business and it does it well.

Santa Fé is a city of besmocked artists who work on street corners and elsewhere day and night and whose work is impartially displayed, along with those of greater masters, at the State Art Museum. If one is a little disappointed at what is seen in the museum, he must remember that that's democracy and that the museum is the most democratic institution of its kind in this country. It is most essential for the tourist who arrives in Santa Fé to go at once to the hotel desk and ask for a map of the town, for a street sign in the city is a curiosity and nobody seems capable of directing the traveler beyond his own block. Some years back the 20-30 Club put up nice signs all over town, but they disappeared within two weeks. Apparently, the artists did not like the innovation and the city fathers haven't pressed the issue. So you need a map.

One just wanders around Santa Fé, finding new charms and loveliness anywhere, whether it be on a stroll or an auto trip, or just a visit to the ancient cathedral. When in Santa Fé one will meet many dignified Spaniards and Indians, who will talk at length and interestingly if approached as equals. It is well to remember that both are proud peoples. The Spaniards were cultivating their fields there long before the English

settled at Jamestown; before Henry Hudson sailed into New York Harbor and before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth. Indians were there perhaps a thousand years before the Spanish.

This is the season when millions of cans of shrimp, and about half the country's supply of oysters, are rolling out of Biloxi, Miss., a winter resort that ought to be on more Northerners' calendars. It is one of the South's gayest cities, as well as one of the most historic. Roses bloom there throughout the year. Fishing and boating on the Gulf are excellent, and so are the golfing facilities. Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville made the first settlement on this Gulf peninsula in 1699 and a cross and boulder at the north end of d'Iberville Bridge, over Back Bay, marks the site of his landing. It is here that the ceremony of blessing the shrimp and oyster fleet takes place each season.

Biloxi is noted for flowers, old gardens, old houses, the latter of rather mixed architecture, as is natural for a place that has been at different times French, Spanish, British and American. Its name means "first people", which is a literal translation, more factual than boastful, of the name the Biloxi Indians applied to themselves. Among the landmarks are an old red brick house with slave quarters dating to 1845; an excellent example of ante-bellum architecture at 947 East Beach St.; the Richer's House, built in 1807; a French house built before 1800 at 138 Magnolia St., and a Spanish house that is one of the few relics of the Spanish occupation. It dates from about 1790 and is at 206 West Water St. Beauvoir, once the home of Jefferson Davis, and where he wrote *The Rise and Fall of the Confederacy*, is State property, an old plantation type house with picturesque grounds that is worth a visit. On nearby Ship Island, in addition to the old lighthouse, there is Fort Massachusetts, built by Union forces during the Civil War and used to confine Confederate prisoners. There is also Deer Island, wrapped in legend and stories of buried pirate treasure. The lighthouse on Ship Island now is white, but history says it was painted black when Lincoln was assassinated.

Cruise-minded persons may take comfort in the news that lately space has become "more available", and may look forward to the constant addition of new and reconditioned vessels to shipping lines everywhere—a situation that will mean reservations at shorter notice, with the possible exception of a few glamorous ships. At least twenty American and foreign companies now are offering West Indies and Latin America passenger service at costs ranging from \$100 up, mostly up.

TRAVEL HELPS

If you'd like to have more information about places that have been mentioned in this column, drop a note to our Travel Department, telling us exactly what you need, and we'll send it to you.

Elk Newsletter

(Continued from page 20)

Despite the detours, summer travel gave the ice cream industry another boost. Production and consumption are at an all-time high and the manufacturers have entered the ranks of the billion-dollar industries. Last year, Americans consumed nearly three billion quarts--about 21 quarts per capita.



Further changes in our eating habits are reflected by another branch of the food industry. So far this year, mounting costs have cut consumer purchases of salad dressings but figures now available for 1946 show that commercial production of mayonnaise and salad dressing totalled 57,900,000 gallons.



Oils of the less-edible variety continue as the subject of a substantial portion of the public thinking in Washington. An official of the Fuels and Lubricants Section of the Office of International Trade in the Department of Commerce takes issue with those who have predicted dire shortages of domestic crudes in the not-too-distant future. It is unlikely that the United States will ever have to import a major share of its petroleum needs, this expert asserts. He points to the unprecedented volume of capital and energy being expended by the oil industry in seeking new oil and also to the preparations for developing alternative domestic sources of liquid fuels if new fields are not found.



Despite such general assurances regarding the petroleum situation, some leading manufacturers are continuing to devote attention to the possibility of combining alcohol and water with gasoline in automobile carburetors. During the war American aviators learned about the extra power this mixture provides, for alcohol-water injection was one of the keys to our success in the battles of Europe and Japan. Applied to domestic automobile use, it has the virtue of economy, since the anti-knock qualities are called on only when extra power is needed, the present high-octane gasolines being wasted under lesser loads. There is an export market to be considered, too, since alcohol is a required automobile fuel in many countries where this most versatile of all chemicals is under government monopoly.



Progress is reported on the home-building front, the latest figures demonstrating the error in the widespread impression that private residential construction had collapsed during 1947. While the increases from January through May apparently followed the usual seasonal pattern, the increase during the early summer months was more than seasonal. The number of new private units started during the first six months of this year exceeded the figure for the same period of last year.

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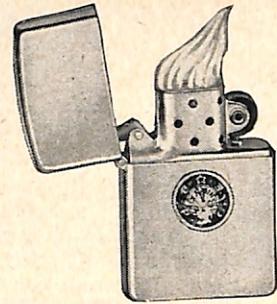
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The Elks NATIONAL FOUNDATION

As a clause that deserves a place in your will, we suggest the following:—

"I give and bequeath the sum of
Dollars to the Elks National Foundation Trustees of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, a corporation duly established and existing under the laws of the District of Columbia."

A bequest to the Foundation is a bequest for permanent, deserving charity.

What America is Reading

(Continued from page 7)

BLUE CITY by Kenneth Millar

Speaking of toughness, and I'll be through in a moment, there is a new detective story out called *Blue City*, by Kenneth Millar, that really should be awarded some kind of a cake for cold-bloodedness. This tells the story of a young ex-GI named Jack Weather who returns to his home-town from the wars and finds that his old man, the mayor, has been done in while he was away. Jack sets out to get to the root of the matter and is soon up to his neck in a fancy imbroglio of shady politics, racketeering and Sex. If you think Raymond Chandler's Philip Marlowe is hard and can take it, wait until you meet young Mr. Weather; compared to Jack, Marlowe is the kind of fellow who teaches watercolor painting in girls' finishing schools. In the end, the mayor's son avenges his father's murder and cleans up the town (by transferring a good percentage of the population to the local morgue). It's all kind of foolish, but it's fun while it lasts. (*Knopf*, \$2.50)

VESPERS IN VIENNA by Bruce Marshall

Bruce Marshall continues, in his highly personal vein, to write nice, quiet novels that are pleasant to read and invariably leave you with something to think about when you close the book. His new one, *Vespers in Vienna*, is a delicately constructed tale of the occupation of Austria, having as its chief characters a civilized and philosophical British colonel and his friend, the Mother Superior of a Viennese convent—a strangely assorted pair if there ever was one. There is not much plot to speak of but, in the course of the rambling story, a great many things come up for consideration: the world's ills as of the present, the inanities of army brass (here it is British brass, but it sounds like any army's), religion and the Russians. There is a quality here something like that of John Hersey's *A Bell for Adano*, and the moral of the book, which sticks out all over it, is that Christian sympathy and understanding are what is most needed to set man on the road to a peaceful future. (*Houghton, Mifflin*, \$2.75)

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE'S AMERICA by Gerald Johnson

Last year, the incomplete autobiography of William Allen White was published—a very interesting book upon which the author had apparently been working when he died. In *William Allen White's America*, Gerald Johnson has covered much of the ground that White did, but he has gone on to write a careful and sympathetic study of the last years of White's life which were perforce

omitted from the autobiography. These years, the 1930's and early 1940's, were lively ones for White, and Johnson has done an excellent job in filling out the story. One would think William Allen White an easy subject for a biographer: he was seemingly such a cheerful extrovert, so uncomplicated a man, and his life was an open book—or, rather, an open editorial page. But White was not as simple as he appeared, nor were his politics. A lifelong Republican, almost a professional one (except for the short walk he took with Teddy Roosevelt in Bull Moose days), White was at constant odds with himself over the conflict between his innate liberalism and his loyalty to the G.O.P. This political schizophrenia, for instance, led White, in 1920, to castigate Warren G. Harding as a weakling who hadn't had an idea for twenty years, then vote for him for President. Johnson's book goes far to explain White and his sincere middle-of-the-road philosophy, and he has brought him to life in an unusually rich and rewarding book. There are many good illustrations and quotes from White's writings. (*Henry Holt*, \$5)

THE TERRIFIED SOCIETY by Hildegarde Tolman Teihet

The Terrified Society, by Hildegarde Tolman Teihet, who wrote *The Assassins*, is a suspense novel on an interesting and highly controversial theme. The hero, if you can call him that, is the youthful leader of a group of American fascists operating in and around Atlanta, Georgia (sound familiar?). This young bravo leads a demonstration at the railroad station against a Jewish violinist who has come to town with the avowed intention of playing before a mixed audience of white and colored people. In the course of the ruckus, the young violinist is so badly injured that he will never be able to play again. The fascist flees, first to an asylum in the South, then to Guatemala where, with a good chunk of his party's funds, he intends to lie low until the scandal blows over. On the plane he meets an attractive young woman whom he takes for an innocent school-teacher in love with travel-folder land, but who is subsequently revealed as the enormously rich sister of the violinist, out to avenge her brother's mutilation. After a series of adventures, intrigues and pursuits—all in the best Central-American manner—the two find themselves united suddenly in a common danger and put up a last-ditch struggle against a queer cabal of fascist-communist villains; in their common plight, they get to know each other and fall in love. If this sounds confusing, don't blame me; as the brief synopsis above suggests, the story is a little mixed up ideologically, and I imagine it won't

be too enthusiastically received in some quarters. Nevertheless, for all its overwriting and for all its rather bogus political philosophizing, Miss Teihet's story is exciting. (*Double-day & Co.*, \$3)

THE LAST DAYS OF HITLER by H. R. Trevor-Roper

The young British historian and intelligence officer, H. R. Trevor-Roper, who was assigned by his army to find out what happened to Hitler, Bormann and company (and whose report was used as basis for the official British announcement that the Fuehrer died in his bunker under the Berlin Chancellery) has called his book on the final act of the Nazi tragedy *The Last Days of Hitler*. Some persons apparently think that is too presumptive a title; on the same day Trevor-Roper's book appeared, his thesis was sharply challenged in another book, which was published simultaneously, called *Who Killed Hitler?* The authors of the latter volume, Herbert Moore and James W. Barrett, flatly contradict Trevor-Roper. Hitler, they maintain, did not kill himself in the *Fuehrerbunker*, nor was his body burned and buried in the garden above. The Fuehrer, they say, was murdered and his body spirited off to Moscow by an unnamed Soviet agent where, in the course of time, it will be used by the master-minds of the Kremlin for their own nefarious purposes. The evidence put forward to support this pretty tale, however, is so slim and inconclusive (it is based on the researches of something called *Private Intelligence* and not otherwise identified) that one must concede the victory to Trevor-Roper purely on the merits of the argument. Trevor-Roper made an intensive and detailed examination of the Berlin underground redoubt where Hitler and his curiously assorted party held out during the Fall of Berlin. He talked at length to various people who were in the bunker with Hitler, and cross-checked their stories. His claim that Hitler married Eva Braun during the very last days, and that the newlyweds then committed suicide and were cremated, is impressive for the positive weight of corroborative evidence and the more negative lack of any indication that Hitler survived. Until a better explanation comes forward—and *Who Killed Hitler?* is definitely not one—I'll go along with Trevor-Roper. His book, incidentally, is a highly intelligent and well-informed history of the last, twilit period of the Nazi regime, replete with gruesome but telling anecdotes of the mad court that surrounded the broken and trembling Fuehrer as his thousand-year Reich came literally crashing down around his ears. (*The Last Days of Hitler*, *Macmillan*, \$3.00. *Who Killed Hitler?*, *Booktab Press*, \$2.50)

News of the Order



NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

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EDITORIAL

About a year ago Bob Hope visited Aidmore, the Elks Crippled Children's Convalescent Home at Atlanta, Ga. He planned then to make a return visit and put on a show to help defray the expense of a new addition to the Hospital. This photograph was taken during that show, as Comedian Hope amused one of the patients, Jerry Colonna and Vera Vague, left, took the opportunity to steal a laugh, and Latin-American music-maker Desi Arnaz got in on the fun over Hope's left shoulder.

News of the

STATE ASSOCIATIONS

NEW YORK

The New York State Elks Association met in Troy on June 5th, 6th and 7th and elected the following men to head the organization for the next twelve months: Pres., William F. Edel-muth, Kingston; Secretary, Frank D. O'Connor, Queens Borough; Treas., Claude Y. Cushman, Binghamton; Vice-Presidents: N.E., Chas. L. Roberts, Watervliet; So. Cent., Eugene F. Hourihan, Elmira; No. Cent., Charles F. Reed, Messena; E. Cent., Vincent Hauber, Port Jervis; S.E., Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, Lynbrook; East, Ernest L. Tinklepaugh, Poughkeepsie; West Cent., Roland Quade, Fulton, and West, Howard W. Allan, North Tonawanda; Trustees are Glenn R. Weigand, Elmira; Thomas J. Whalen, Poughkeepsie; Leslie Bellows, Staten Island, and J. E. Spratt, Geneva.

The highlight of the Convention was the inaugural address of Pres. Edel-muth, who is Mayor of Kingston, in which he praised the work of retiring Pres. Judge John F. Scileppi. The meeting was brought to a close by a moving Memorial Service in honor of those New York Elks who had passed away during the previous year, and particularly to the memory of Honorary Pres. Dr. Arthur O. Sykes. William T. Phillips, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, delivered the eulogy at these Services.

WYOMING

Rock Springs Lodge No. 624 was host to the 1947 Convention of the Wyoming State Elks Association on June 13th and 14th. Among the distinguished guests present was Grand Inner Guard Hollis B. Brewer of Casper Lodge. The Ritualistic Contest was won by Laramie Lodge for the third time, thereby retaining permanent possession of the trophy. Second place in this event was taken by Casper, with Cheyenne Lodge third.

At the banquet held in connection with the Meeting, the \$300 Elks National Foundation Scholarship Award was presented to Miss Amelia Potochnik.

The 536 delegates from the State's ten lodges decided on Cheyenne as the 1948 Convention City, and elected the following officers: Pres., T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne; Vice-Pres., L. G. Mehse, Laramie, and Secy.-Treas., Frank M. Bruner, Cheyenne.

FLORIDA

May 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th were four memorable days in the history of Tampa Lodge No. 708 when it played host to the 1947 Convention of the Florida State Elks Assn.

Distinguished guests who swelled the crowd of delegates included Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight James A. Dunn and Past Grand Est. Lecturing Knight Chelsie J. Senerchia, both of Miami, and Special Deputy Floyd H. Brown of Oklahoma City, Okla.

The State Ritualistic Contest, won by Tallahassee Lodge No. 937 with a score of 99.973, shared the interest of the delegates with the President's Ball and Banquet which was attended by about 1,000 Elks and their ladies.

Next year's meeting will be held at Key West, and the officers who will attend to the Association's affairs until that time are: Pres., Cullen H. Talton, Daytona Beach; Vice-Presidents: N. E. Division, William A. Partain, Jr., Palatka; N.W. Division, Edward McCullough, Pensacola; Central Division, Leo Butner, Sanford; S.W. Division, Gerald E. Ludwig, Sarasota, and S.E. Division, Edward O. Williams, Fort Lauderdale; Secy., Chelsie J. Senerchia, Miami, and Treas., C. L. Johnson, Tallahassee.

ILLINOIS

The 44th Annual Conference of the Illinois Elks Association was held at the Hotel Stevens in Chicago on May 16th, 17th and 18th. Numerous committee meetings took place, including district conferences, and many fine reports were given. The Board of Trustees met with Vice-Pres.-at-Large Dr. Nick H. Feder on Friday evening and adopted the budget for the coming year, which was later presented to the delegates and approved.

The annual banquet on Saturday evening had some 240 persons in attendance, among them Past Grand Exalted Rulers Bruce A. Campbell and

The State Associations Committee Reports the Following Convention Dates for 1947

Association	City	Date
California	San Diego	October 8-10
Tennessee	Bristol	October 17-18*

*This is a corrected date. Meeting postponed from September 11-12-13.

Henry C. Warner, who were speakers on this occasion. Another Past Grand Exalted Ruler, Floyd E. Thompson, Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees and a member of Moline, Ill., Lodge, introduced the winners of the first prize in both the boys' and girls' Most Valuable Student Award Contest.

The Barber Shop Quartette numbers were well received and Herrin Lodge's group won the prize in this contest. A fitting climax to that evening's entertainment was the speech delivered by Clyde E. Jones, a member of the Grand Forum.

On Sunday morning the officers were elected at the final business session. They are: Pres., Dr. Nick H. Feder, Belleville; Vice-Pres.-at-Large, F. E. Cheney, Danville; Secy., S. A. Thompson, Macomb, and Treas., William S. Wolf, Pontiac.

A total of 399 delegates and visitors attended the conference, interesting features of which included the Ritualistic Contest, won by Sycamore Lodge, with Danville, Kankakee and Peoria Lodges following in that order, and the presentation of gifts to retiring Pres. Byron Zea and the newly-elected President. It was decided that Danville would be the site of the 1948 Meeting.

MAINE

Bangor Lodge No. 244 was host to the members of the Maine State Elks Association on May 24th and 25th, when about 300 Elks arrived for the 1947 Meeting. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and Grand Treasurer John F. Burke, both of Boston, Mass. A dance was held Saturday evening and a luncheon took place at the Penobscot Hotel, both affairs being well attended.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: Pres., Edward J. McMann, Bath; 1st Vice-Pres., Arthur J. Henry, Rumford; 2nd Vice-Pres., Leon F. Jones, Biddeford-Saco; 3rd Vice-Pres., M. J. McGrail, Gardiner; 4th Vice-Pres., Dr. P. L. B. Ebbett, Houlton; Secretary-Treasurer, Edward R. Twomey, Portland, and Trustees: Manuel Brickel, Bangor; L. H. Jeffers, Portland; Ernest C. Simpson, Waterville; Donald A. Ouellette, Lewiston, and Maynard L. Marston, Rockland.

The 1948 Convention will be held in Rockland.

The largest number of delegates in recent years, 1,154, convened at Caldwell for a three-day Convention of the Idaho State Elks Assn. on June 5th, 6th and 7th. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, an out-of-town visitor from Portland, Ore., and a member of the Elks National Veterans Service Commission, was present, as well as Ed. D. Baird, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee.

The most important charitable activity of the Association is the establishment of a Crippled Children's Home at Boise which is to be activated in the near future. More than \$56,000 has been donated by Idaho lodges, as well as by individuals. There is now sufficient money on hand to complete the project and handle its operation.

The Idaho Association leaders for the coming year are: Pres., Robert E. Sorenson, Wallace; 1st Vice-Pres., Dr. Andrew McCauley, Idaho Falls; 2nd Vice-Pres., William S. Hawkins, Coeur d'Alene; 3rd Vice-Pres., T. W. Dakan, Caldwell; 4th Vice-Pres., Ed T. Yates, St. Maries, and 5th Vice-Pres., A. T. Klink, Burley; Trustee, H. C. Hinckley, Pocatello, and Secy., Fred D. Hilliard, Pocatello.

Idaho Falls Lodge No. 1087 walked off with first place in the Ritualistic Contest, competing against Boise and Lewiston Lodges.

Although the date of the 1948 meeting will not be decided for several months, it will take place at Moscow.

IOWA

The 1947 Convention of the Iowa State Elks Association was the largest and best in its history, with registrations of Elks and their ladies totaling 2,229.

Davenport Lodge No. 298 was host to the meeting which took place on June 6th, 7th and 8th. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., was the principal speaker at the highly colorful and enjoyable Convention banquet.

C. E. Richards, Jr., of Fort Madison, succeeds Leo P. Ronan of Decorah as President of the Association, while Arthur P. Lee, Marshalltown, and Sanford H. Schmalz, Muscatine, were re-elected Treasurer and Secretary respectively.

NEW JERSEY

The members of Asbury Park Lodge No. 128 welcomed about 10,000 Elks and guests for the 1947 New Jersey State Elks Association Convention on June 13th and 14th. Congressman James C. Auchincloss was among those present at the meeting when the following officers were elected: Pres., Russell H. Williams, West Orange; Vice-Presi-

1.

Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, left, is pictured with State Pres. Joseph P. Haller with the Michael F. Shannon Ritualistic Trophy won by Reno Lodge at the recent Nevada State Elks Association Convention.



1. NEVADA

2.

Here is one of the many floats which passed by the home of Tampa, Fla., Lodge during the recent Florida Convention.



2. FLORIDA



dents: N. E., Robert I. Bennett, Jr., Kearney; Cent., Amedeo Gaburo, Somerville; So., Emanuel J. Eckstein, Atlantic City, and N.W., Patrick V. Doran, Madison; Sgt.-at-Arms, Howard Jagger, West Orange; Inner Guard, Philip R. Guinan, Nutley; Tiler, Charles L. Ori, Irvington, and Trustees: Fletcher L. Fritts, Dover; Charles Wibialski, Perth Amboy; Albert E. Dearden, Trenton, and George L. Hirtzel, Elizabeth. Those reelected or reappointed were: Secy., Howard F. Lewis, Burlington; Treas., Wm. H. Kelly, East Orange; Chaplain, Warden L. Zane, Atlantic City; Organist, Archibald Pflugh, Hoboken, and Trustee, Richard

F. Flood, Jr., Bayonne. Rev. Francis H. Smith of Trenton is Chaplain Emeritus.

The splendid work of the New Jersey Elks, with regard to giving aid to paraplegics, was reviewed at this meeting, as well as their assistance to crippled children and hospitals. Interlodge visitations are still of prime social importance to these members of the Order. During the Conference, the State Band Contest was held, with Camden Lodge taking top honors.

The meeting place of the 1948 Convention was not decided upon, but the quarterly meeting in September was planned for Somerville Lodge No. 1068.

News of the SUBORDINATE LODGES

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Lodge No. 3, holds semi-annual joint meetings with the members of the Zane-Irwin Post No. 93 of the American Legion. The most recent found 1,000 members as guests of the Legionnaires.

The athletic department of No. 3 has added boxing, wrestling, gymnastics, weight-lifting and judo to its schedule. The San Francisco Elks are definitely sports-minded and had head football coach Ed McKeever of the University of San Francisco as top guest on its Sports Night Program recently.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF., Lodge, No. 836, entertained over 100 Elks and their guests on Arizona Day this year, which was the first observation of this annual affair since before the war. Visitors were taken on a tour of the nearby mountain resorts, and entertained with a fine vaudeville show.

A \$1,500 check from No. 836 was presented to Past State Pres. M. H. Starkweather, who is Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight and now Secretary-Treasurer of the Arizona State Elks Association Hospital at Tucson. The money will be used to furnish a room at the Hospital. The proceeds of San Bernardino Lodge's Charity Box, amounting to \$553.71 was turned over to Mr. Starkweather for the same purpose.

CROCKETT, TEX., Lodge, No. 1729, came into being on June 24th, amid great fanfare and with the good wishes of the whole town. The streets around the courthouse square were suitably decorated and a musical program was played on the courthouse lawn during the afternoon. Later in the evening, at the Country Club where the institution ceremonies took place, another musical program was heard.

About 115 men became members of No. 1729 that evening, and approximately 300 people were on hand from lodges in outlying districts. The former Presidents of the Texas Elks Assn. who were present were: George W. Loudermilk, J. A. Bergfeld, Raymond L. Wright, Floyd B. Ford, Grand Est. Loyal Knight George Strauss and H. S. Rubenstein.

D. D. J. Sydney Haynes was in charge of the institution and installation ceremonies, and Lufkin Lodge's Degree Team handled the initiation.

HAMILTON, OHIO, Lodge, No. 93, early in 1943, started a magnificent project as its contribution to civic improvement. It was decided by the Social and Community Welfare Committee to start a Child Welfare Program, and it was suggested that the best site for it was an area in which the greatest number of children per city block was to be found, with the least organized recreational activities in the city. The sum of \$799 was allocated for a three-month experiment which grew into an eight-month trial. It was so successful that No. 93 has voted to continue the program ever since.

The benefits of this project became widely known, and as a result many interested citizens got together and organized themselves into what is now the East Hamilton Recreational Association, to locate places where the program could be continued. Most cooperative have been the pastors and the members of the congregation of the Redeemer Evangelical and Reformed Church who have allowed the children to use their gymnasium and recreation rooms even after those rooms were damaged by the youngsters and after a few of the boys stole two banks from the Sunday School of the Church. The latter incident was finally cleared up, but the boys not involved in the theft were fearful that it would cause the end of the project. They offered to make the loss good by contributing their pennies. The project has continued. Since then, that area of Hamilton has known very little juvenile delinquency.

The children are divided into age groups, with varied programs to choose from, including educational activities as well as sports. The total cost to No. 93 has been approximately \$2,000 which has been used to pay YMCA, YWCA and other leaders, and to purchase equipment. However, the Hamilton Elks and the pastor of the Redeemer Evangelical and Reformed Church feel that the benefits to the community cannot be accurately measured in money; they are far greater than the sum expended.

The above information was taken from a complete and most encouraging report made by Judge Oscar R. Leiser of the Probate and Juvenile Courts of Butler County, Ohio, and Fred M. Stitsinger, both of No. 93's Committee.

1

Chaplain Charles N. VanTrump, P.E.R., of Glens Falls, N.Y., Lodge, with the class of 27 initiated in his honor.

2

West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's officers are shown with the sixteen new Elks of the "I Am an American Class", initiated in recognition of National Good Citizenship Week.

3

Officials of Long Beach, Calif., Lodge are shown with Miss Norma Robinson to whom the lodge presented the electric autoette in which she is seated with her mother. The Long Beach Elks also gave Miss Robinson a folding wheel chair.

4

Temple, Tex., Elks, are pictured when the mortgage on the lodge home was burned. Many other State dignitaries are also shown.

5

These young men make up Astoria, Ore., Lodge's softball team which hasn't lost a game since its formation early this year.



1. GLENS FALLS, N. Y.



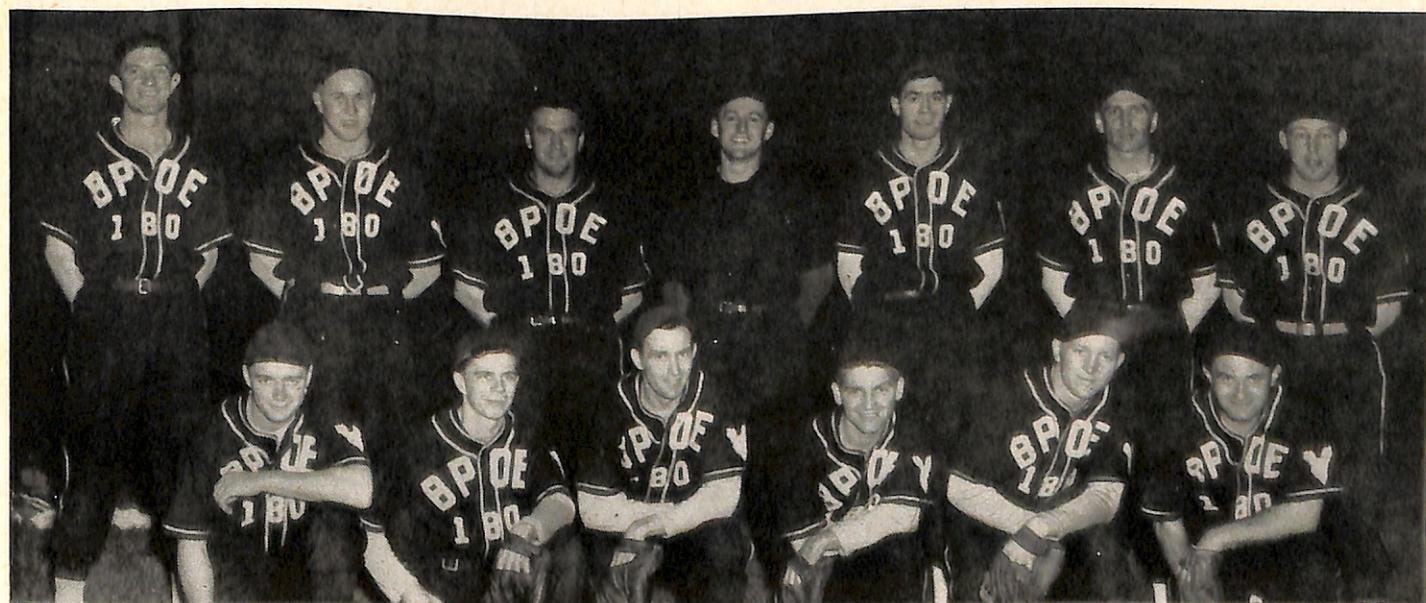
2. WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.



3. LONG BEACH, CALIF.



4. TEMPLE, TEX.



5. ASTORIA, ORE.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Officers are pictured at Longview, Wash., Lodge's Living War Memorial which consists of a youth center. Playground equipment has been installed and the building has a snack room and kitchen. The investment to date is \$25,000.

2

Old Timers honored on San Diego, Calif., Lodge's 57th Anniversary.

3

Some of the 200 high school boys, players, coaches and managers of 19 teams at a basketball dinner given by Havre, Mont., Lodge.

4

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton, seated center, is pictured with 14 of the 16 Charter Members of the P.E.R.'s Club of Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, of which Mr. Broughton was elected President.

5

Sumter, S. C., Lodge's first-prize-winning float in the city's Iris Festival.

6

DeLand, Fla., Lodge donates a Twin Iron Lung to the DeLand Memorial Hospital.

7

Elberton, Ga., Elks destroy the mortgage on their \$35,000 home.

8

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, center, is pictured with sports officials and Mayor J. Fred Hofmann when Dixon, Ill., Lodge entertained the American Athletic Union championship wrestling squad from Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia.

9

Vicksburg, Miss., Lodge officers at the presentation of one of the two aspirators donated to polio clinics of Mercy Hospital-Street Memorial and Vicksburg Hospital.

10

Delta, Colo., Lodge's \$1,500 for the second drive for a Memorial Hospital building is turned over to the President of the Hospital Board.

11

Zanesville, Ohio, Elks present an inhalator and resuscitator to the local police department.

12

Youngsters enjoy one of the regular dances given by Astoria, Ore., Lodge.



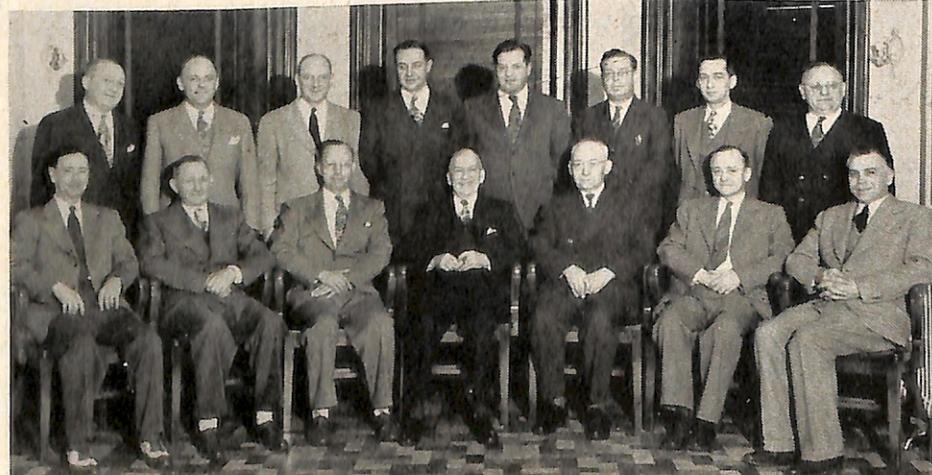
1. LONGVIEW, WASH.



2. SAN DIEGO, CALIF.



3. HAVRE, MONT.



4. SHEBOYGAN, WIS.



5. SUMTER, S. C.



6. DE LAND, FLA.



7. ELBERTON, GA.



8. DIXON, ILL.



9. VICKSBURG, MISS.



10. DELTA, COLO.



11. ZANESVILLE, OHIO



12. ASTORIA, ORE.

Nolan Studio

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

This is a class of candidates recently initiated into Prescott, Ariz., Lodge.

2

These men attended a recent meeting of Gainesville, Fla., Lodge.

3

Officers of Flint, Mich., Lodge are pictured with a class of new Elks.

4

Members of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, including Mayor Vernon R. McMillan, are pictured with the Schoolboy Patrol whom they outfitted in these raincoats and hats at a cost of \$1,200.

5

Meadville, Pa., Lodge officials turn over \$250 to the Cancer Drive.

6

E.R. Louis E. Goodman of Danville, Va., Lodge presents the 1947 Annual Elks Scholarship award of \$250 to Miss Nancy Preas.

7

P.E.R.'s of Ketchikan, Alaska, Lodge, pictured at a recent meeting.

8

The lodge room of Woodward, Okla., Lodge was used as a Red Cross Communication Center after the area was struck by a tornado.

9

Chairman Phil Harris of the Minneapolis War Memorial Blood Bank, left, accepts a \$1,000 check from Dr. E. H. Hamlet, Exalted Ruler, and R. E. Daoust, Blood Bank Chairman of Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge.

10

Here is a photograph taken on Arizona Day, an annual affair held by San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge.

11

Dignitaries of Mahanoy City, Pa., Lodge are pictured at the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home.

12

These men, the Picnic Committee of Carlsbad, N.M., Lodge, photographed as they made plans for this year's outing, which was a huge success.



1. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.



2. GAINESVILLE, FLA.



3. FLINT, MICH.



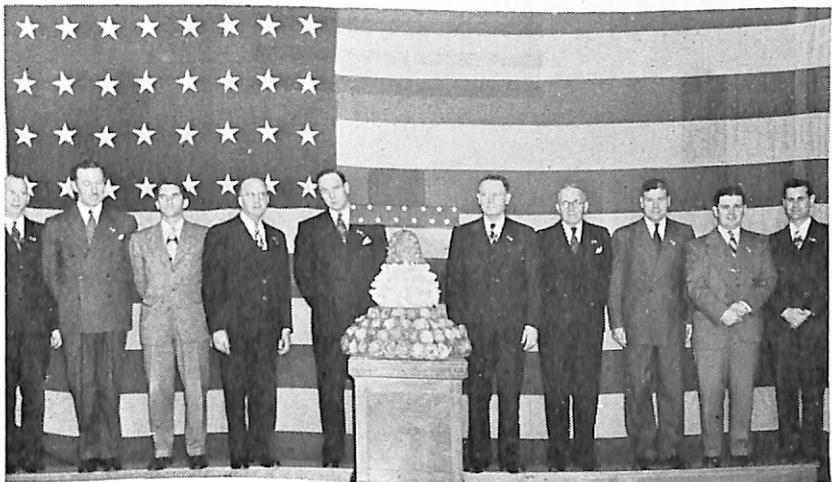
4. TERRE HAUTE, IND.



5. MEADVILLE, PA.



6. DANVILLE, VA.



7. KETCHIKAN, ALASKA



8. WOODWARD, OKLA.



9. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



10. SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.



11. MAHANOY CITY, PA.



12. CARLSBAD, N. M.

"Happiest Haul of the Day!"



Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company,
Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN TO DAVID ROSE AND HIS MUSIC WITH SONGS
BY GEORGIA GIBBS EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

**ACTIVITIES
SPONSORED BY
THE ELKS NATIONAL
VETERANS SERVICE
COMMISSION**

1

The Devils Lake, N. D., High School Band, nicely turned-out, recently played a fine concert for servicemen at the U. S. Veterans Hospital in Fargo, under the aegis of the N. D. Elks Veterans Service Commission.



1. NORTH DAKOTA

MISSISSIPPI STATE ELKS



2. MISSISSIPPI



3. MASSACHUSETTS



4. VIRGINIA



*This stands for honorable
service to our country.*

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

CARLSBAD, N. M., Lodge, No. 1558, held its annual picnic at Black River and, to no one's surprise, it went over with a bang. Great preparations went into the affair, with the barbecue cooking all night and a new barbecue sauce being introduced.

The members of No. 1558 have been sponsoring a Teen-Age Canteen with weekly dances at the lodge home. The youngsters are trying to promote a recreation building of their own, and are assured of the full cooperation of the Elks who have had no complaints regarding the behavior of their youthful guests during the three years of the club's existence.

PENN YAN, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1722, reared its head before more than 500 Elks from all over Central and Western New York. Facilities of two hotels were used for the banquet at which some 359 persons enjoyed themselves.

Eighty-one members became affiliated with the first new lodge in Western New York in ten years; eleven of these were dimits from other lodges.

The new lodge was instituted by D.D. Frederick T. Boeheim, who was assisted by John DeVolder and Martin E. Angeline. Others present included D.D.'s William E. Brooks and William L. Kennedy, as well as George A. Swalbach, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

LONGVIEW, TEX., Lodge, No. 1128, was duly instituted under its old number on June 30th, under the sponsorship of Marshall Lodge, at a meeting opened by D.D. J. Sidney Haynes who, after introductory remarks, turned the gavel over to Past Pres. J. A. Bergfeld. The officers who took care of the institution, installation and initiation of about 100 candidates and reinstatements, were composed of Past District Deputies as well as the regular officers of Marshall Lodge.

Visitors from lodges in the Texas East District were present, as well as former Presidents of the Texas State Elks Association: George Strauss, Grand Est. Loyal Knight; George W. Loudermilk; Floyd B. Ford; Raymond L. Wright; J. A. Bergfeld, and H. S. Rubenstein.

Notice Regarding Applications for Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

1

Here are the members of the Carbon College Athletic Club who put on a show to celebrate Price, Utah, Lodge's recent Anniversary.

2

This car, a 1947 four-door hydramatic Oldsmobile 76, equipped with a radio and heater, was given away by the Crippled Children's League of Georgia in a program sponsored by Dalton Elks for the benefit of Georgia's unfortunate youngsters.

3

This photograph shows a class of candidates and the officers who initiated them into Billings, Mont., Lodge.

4

The members of the 85 Club leave Boston, Mass., on a three-day pilgrimage to celebrate the 85th birthday of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Riley C. Bowers of Montpelier, Vt.



4. BOSTON, MASS.



1. PRICE, UTAH



2. DALTON, GA.



3. BILLINGS, MONT.



NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1724, reared its newly-formed head several months ago at one of the most colorful events of its kind ever held in Southern California. The institution took place at the Irvine Bowl during the afternoon, with D.D. Paul R. Beck in charge. The rim of the Irvine Bowl, one of California's finest amphitheatres, was patrolled by approximately 50 guards who were all members of Santa Ana, Anaheim and Orange Lodges. A class of 571 candidates, 433 of them new Elks, was initiated in a very efficient manner.

Immediately following the initiation ceremonies, over 1200 Elks enjoyed a barbecue dinner prior to the evening program, the main feature of which was the installation of the officers of the new lodge.

There were strolling musicians, singers, Drill Teams and a band concert given by the musical group from Anaheim Lodge—all of which added up to a melodious evening. Following the installation ceremonies, movie star Andy Devine, an Elk of long standing, delivered a moving address.

The Elks ladies had their day, too. During the afternoon about 100 registered at the Women's Clubhouse and enjoyed tea and entertainment, with each lady the recipient of a lovely corsage.

CORRECTION, PLEASE! In the story of the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland, Oregon, which appears in our August issue, errors in two names were made.

On page 46, in a box headed "Lodge Bulletin Contest Winners" which was part of the report of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, the name Gerry Donahue was listed as the editor of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's bulletin, "Ninety-Nine", which was first-prize winner in the contest for lodges of 1,000 members and over. Mr. Donahue is Director of Public Relations for his lodge, he hastens to inform us, while Elmer J. Wolfer is the editor of Los Angeles Lodge's fine, prize-winning bulletin.

The other error appeared on page 50, in reporting the presentation of a pair of binoculars to retiring Grand Exalted Ruler, Charles E. Broughton. We gave credit to Past Exalted Ruler Harold S. W. MacFarlin of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge for making this gift; it was Exalted Ruler William H. McLaughlin of that Lodge who presented the binoculars.

THE ORDER'S HISTORY IN MOTION-PICTURE FORM

"Twixt Dream and Deed", a 16mm. film, either sound or silent, presenting the history of the Order from its inception to the present day, can be acquired by lodges and State Associations to be shown at regular meetings or to prospective members. It is suggested that the sound version of this thirty-minute color film be secured, since its narration and musical background make it the more dramatic.

The film can either be purchased or secured free of charge for one-day use. Up to this time, about 100 lodges have purchased copies of the film for permanent possession, and with the limited number of prints available for one evening's use, lodges must wait from two to three months before a copy can be sent to them on that basis.

The prices of the prints are \$125 for the sound version and \$100 for the silent. Please address all inquiries and requests directly to the Chicago Film Laboratory, 18 West Walton Place, Chicago 10, Illinois.

HEMPSTEAD, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1485, on behalf of its own members and all other Elks on Long Island, honored the U. S. Army Air Forces on the 40th Anniversary of its foundation. The affair took place at the lodge home at a regular meeting, when a class of candidates was initiated and dedicated to the USAAF.

Hempstead Lodge has perhaps more members in the AAF than any other lodge, and some of these flying Elks addressed the new members and guests at this ceremony.

DE LAND, FLA., Lodge, No. 1463, recently donated a Twin Iron Lung to the De Land Memorial Hospital.

Early in the year, realizing the hospital's need for this fine equipment, No. 1463 ordered the machine, although plans for raising the money to pay for it were not complete. However, through the generosity of the De Land Red Hats Baseball Team of the Florida State League, 50 per cent of the proceeds of their opening game was donated to this cause.

The gift was made without reservation, except that a stipulation was added, to the effect that no charge ever be made to anyone for its use, and that it be available at all times for all persons, regardless of creed or color.

1
The young champion kegler of the bowling league which is part of the Boys' Club activities sponsored by Silver Spring, Md., Lodge, is pictured with two members of the local lodge.

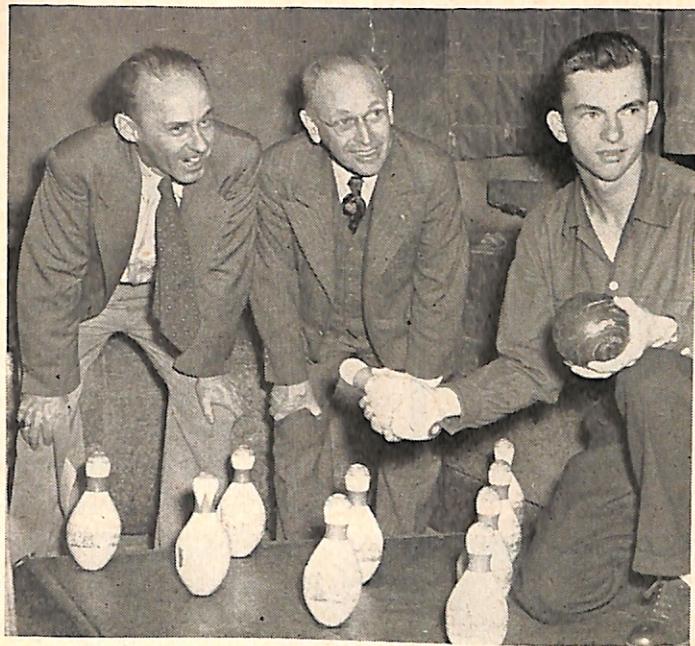
2
Here are the members of Mobile, Ala., Lodge's bowling team which won the city league trophy in a local tourney.

3
E.R. Henry W. Quinn of Plainfield, N. J., Lodge winds up for the pitch of the season's first ball for the Elks Junior Baseball League, a worthy activity sponsored by Plainfield Lodge.

4
The Elks National Foundation \$300 Scholarship Award is presented to Frank Turkot by Secy. Warren L. Fogg of Camden, N. J., Lodge, as Exalted Ruler David L. Visor looks on.

5
More than 9,000 persons attended the Mammoth Midsummer Frolic presented by Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge. Pictured here are Arthur P. De Nisi; Miss Una Merkel and Tom Brown of the motion pictures, and P.D.D. Owen O. Keown, Chairman of the affair.

6
E.R. C. E. Lawrence presents a \$25 check to Miss Dorothy Matli, winner of the Elks Music Award set aside by Prescott, Ariz., Lodge for the student contributing most toward the field of music during the scholastic year at the local Senior High School.



1. SILVER SPRING, MD.



2. MOBILE, ALA.



3. PLAINFIELD, N. J.



4. CAMDEN, N. J.



5. SANTA MONICA, CALIF.



6. PRESCOTT, ARIZ.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

PUYALLUP, WASH., Lodge, No. 1450, celebrated its Silver Anniversary in June and broke all attendance records, severely taxing the seating capacity of the auditorium and the banquet room which was filled twice.

A great many dignitaries of the Order attended, including past and present State Association officials and District Deputies, and Chairman John E. Drumme of the Board of Grand Trustees.

The celebration was a two-day affair, with a dance and buffet supper bringing it to a happy close. A large class of candidates was initiated as part of the observance.

The Puyallup Elks learned of the plight of ten-year-old Mary Lynn Tennis, who has been a Blue Baby since birth. Immediately afterward, a committee of lodge officers was formed to contact Doernbecker Hospital in Portland, Ore., to make arrangements for an operation. The little girl was taken to Portland on July 18th, and the successful operation was performed on the 23rd.

Right after the operation she needed two blood transfusions and Portland Elks donated the blood. Secretary Charles M. Thompson of No. 1450, together with his wife and the child's mother, went to Portland Aug. 2nd and brought Mary Lynn home. The Northern Pacific Railroad made available a special car with bedroom facilities for the return trip.

ALASKA LODGES, which haven't been visited by any of the Order's leaders in many years, had the pleasure of entertaining two Past Grand Exalted Rulers this summer. Accompanied by their wives and several friends, Bruce A. Campbell of East St. Louis, Ill., and John R. Coen of Sterling, Colo., Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission respectively, took an Alaskan trip from Vancouver, B.C., to Skagway, Alaska, immediately after the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore.

On their arrival at Ketchikan they were greeted by officers and members of Ketchikan Lodge No. 1429, who took their visitors on a tour of the city and entertained them at the lodge home.

Elaborate entertainment was provided at the home of Juneau Lodge No. 420 after the two former leaders of the Order were welcomed by Elk dignitaries, Acting Gov. Lew M. Williams and J. S. MacKinnon, President of the local Chamber of Commerce.

The members and officers of Skagway Lodge No. 431 made the out-of-towners feel very much at home with a dinner and a trip around the city, prior to their being special guests at the "Days of '98" dance that evening. Although the travelers could spend only an hour in Wrangell, they were greeted at the station by several members of the local Lodge, No. 1595, who then took them on a tour around the city.

OURAY, COLO., Lodge, No. 492, recently entertained Elks from surrounding lodges in nearby States, including Grand Chaplain Rev. George L. Nuckles of Gunnison, Pres. Larry Nelson of the Colo. State Elks Assn., and many District Deputies and other officials.

Governor Lee Knous, a member of No. 492, and State Assn. Secy. Frank H. Buskirk, Postmaster of Montrose, were given Life Memberships. Both men made splendid acceptance speeches.

WEEHAWKEN, N.J., Lodge, No. 1456, celebrated its 25th Anniversary at the best-attended lodge meeting in many years. Highlighting the program was the initiation of the Silver Anniversary Class of 25 candidates by all Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, and a special ceremony in honor of the many Charter Members present.

About 200 local and out-of-town Elks heard Dean Alexander Ormsby of John Marshall College and a 25-year member of Jersey City Lodge, who headed the speaking program which included remarks by Mayor John G. Meister and several others.

BINGHAMTON, N.Y., Lodge, No. 852, has a very able Americanization Committee which recently put on a splendid affair for Elks, with city officials and leaders of various civic and fraternal organizations as special guests.

The main attraction of the evening, which followed a delightful smorgasbord luncheon, was an address by Arthur Cornelius, Jr., regional director of the F.B.I. of the Albany district, whose topic was "Our Internal Security".

No. 852 has become the leader in the Americanization program of its community and plans are under way to enlarge the program and open it to the public under the title of the Elks Americanization Forum, with well known speakers lined up, such as Leon Pearson, brother of Drew Pearson, and Hon. Carl Mundt, Congressman from South Dakota and a member of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

LODGES

1

On National Hospital Day, E.R. Wyckoff Westover presented Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge's \$2,000 check to the White Memorial Hospital for the establishment of a special Elks charitable ward for children. The recipient was the ward's first tiny crippled patient who turned the check over to Dr. Monroe Loy, Director of the Clinic.

2

Officials of Bath, N.Y., Lodge turn over the prize car to the winner in the lodge's "Thanks for Victory" Campaign for funds for a new, completely furnished home for the city's totally disabled veteran, Al Bonsor.

3

Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge reversed the usual cigar procedure by presenting boxes of cigars to this group of accredited Father's Day fathers.

4

Winners of three scholarship awards given by San Benito, Tex., Lodge are pictured with Elk officials who presented the prizes to these students.

5

E.R. Frank Hunt of Olympia, Wash., Lodge presents his lodge's \$5,300 check to Mayor Ernest Mallory for the purchase of the local USO Building, as D.D. Edwin J. Alexander and other officials of the Order look on.

6

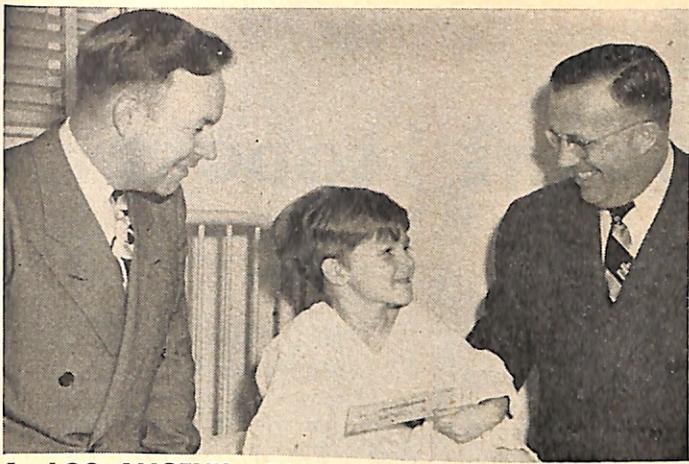
Here is the bowling team of Fort Collins, Colo., Lodge, which was entered in the National Tournament.

7

Major Richard B. Taylor presents a scroll to Mrs. William McCrate at the dedication of the beautiful new \$200,000 home of Lima, Ohio, Lodge. The building was dedicated to all veterans of the lodge who served in World War II. Mrs. McCrate is the mother of Sgt. Thomas McCrate, a member of Lima Lodge, who gave his life in the North African campaign.

8

D.D. Frederick T. Boehm, fifth from left, congratulates Clark Weldon who is Exalted Ruler of the newly instituted lodge at Penn Yan, N.Y.



1. LOS ANGELES, CALIF.



2. BATH, N. Y.



3. MILWAUKEE, WIS.



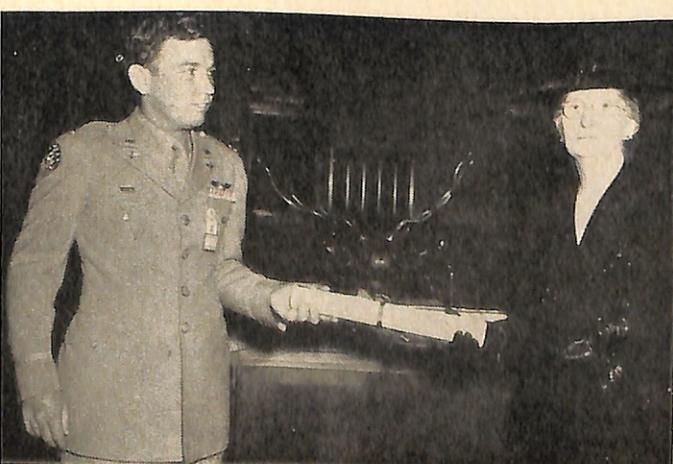
4. SAN BENITO, TEX.



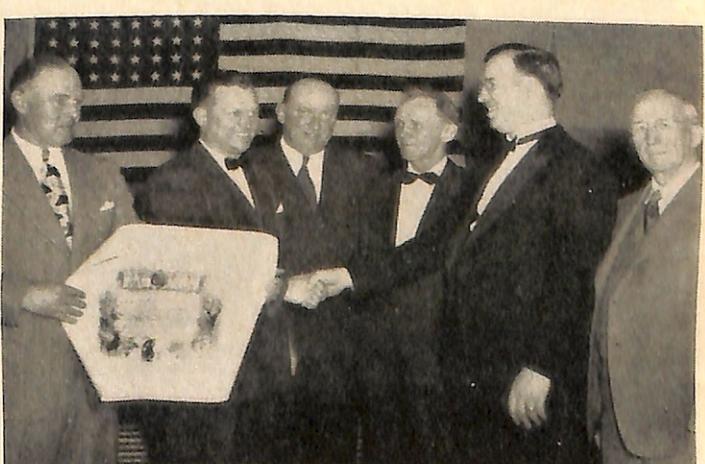
5. OLYMPIA, WASH.



6. FORT COLLINS, COLO.



7. LIMA, OHIO



8. PENN YAN, N. Y.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE

LODGES

REIDSVILLE, N. C., Lodge, No. 1723, was instituted at the Pennrose Park Country Club, with the assistance of the Drill Team of Winston-Salem Lodge No. 499 P.D.D. W. G. Carrington presided at the meeting when the nomination and election of officers took place.

More than 200 members were on hand from several other North Carolina lodges. These visitors included Past State Pres. Boyce A. Whitmire, a former member of the State Associations Committee of the Grand Lodge and now a member of the Board of Governors of the N. C. Boys' Camp, and P.D.D. Thad Eure, Past State Pres. Both these gentlemen addressed the gathering.

GALENA, ILL., Lodge, No. 882, was host to about 250 members at its annual picnic. Many Exalted Rulers and former lodge leaders were on hand, with Frank P. White, Executive Secretary of the Illinois State Elks Crippled Children's Commission, as honor guest. P.D.D. E. L. Hubbard of Wisconsin was among the out-of-towners who included guests from Platteville, Wis., and Dubuque and Decorah, Ia., Lodges.

DIXON, ILL., Lodge, No. 779, was host to the American Athletic Union championship wrestling squad from Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Ia., not long ago. Following a dinner in the dining room of the lodge home, Coach Paul K. Scott received a handsome plaque for the meritorious achievement of his mat crew, a gift of one of the team's admirers, Carl Hasselberg. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner delivered the presentation speech.

Mayor J. Fred Hofmann was among those who saw an exhibition put on by the team, with a large gathering of Elks and their ladies in the audience.

LOWVILLE, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1605, entertained Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge Murray Hulbert, Treasurer of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, at a dinner attended by over 200 members.

The occasion marked the presentation by Judge Hulbert of an Elks National Foundation Certificate to the members of No. 1605. P.D.D. R. J. Roche and Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge welcomed the Judge, who was accompanied by Past State Pres. James A. Mackin and P.D.D. Dearborn V. Hardie of Oswego Lodge.

LONG BEACH, CALIF., Lodge, No. 888, recently honored the Boy Scouts of its area at a special meeting, followed by a six-act vaudeville show and refreshments.

There was an overflow of 700 Scouts on hand, including Cub Scouts, Boy Scouts and Sea Scouts, and Scout dignitaries from all over Southern California. For many years No. 888 has sponsored the Sea Scouts of Long Beach, which has a flotilla of seven ships.

ANNAPOLIS, MD., Lodge, No. 622, pledged the donation of the proceeds from its Charity Ball to a worthwhile charity. That pledge is now a reality as No. 622 presented an oxygen tent, a resuscitator and a cardiograph to the Emergency Hospital at informal ceremonies at the Hospital July 30th. This equipment, purchased at a cost of \$1,800, was turned over to the Hospital by E.R. Henry J. Tarantino and was accepted by John Rich, President of the Hospital's Board of Managers, who expressed his deep appreciation, as well as that of the Board and the people of the community.

EVANSTON, ILL., Lodge, No. 1316, is very proud of the "Presidential Citation" it received not long ago from President Truman. The presentation was made by Col. Harry Taylor of the Fifth Army, assigned to State Headquarters of the Selective Service. William Lister, who served as Chairman of his lodge's War Commission, was given this award and then presented it to E.R. John W. Weiss who accepted it on behalf of the lodge. Judge Floyd E. Thompson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, was the principal speaker of the evening.

During the past war, the Evanston Elks conducted "Send-Off Parties" for more than 7,000 recruits. Light breakfasts were served to the men when they left for Service, and each received cigarettes, candy and a dollar bill.

EASTON, MD., Lodge, No. 1622, recently had as guests several hundred Elks from lodges throughout its own State as well as Delaware and the District of Columbia. The occasion was the celebration of the burning of the mortgage on the lodge home. The program opened in the afternoon with a formal reception, dinner and a dance. Past State Pres. Philip U. Gayaut was guest of honor.

1

Officers of Pennsylvania's Allentown and Bethlehem Lodges are pictured before they jointly initiated a class of new members into Allentown Lodge.

2

The first birthday of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge of Antlers is celebrated by the Teen-Age Tactics, a local group sponsored by the Phoenix Light and Power Co. A radio transcription was recorded to immortalize the celebration.

3

Oak Park, Ill., Lodge thrilled the hearts of many crippled and orphaned children when it presented six of these beautifully furnished Tiny-Bilt Doll Houses to local hospitals and orphanages.

4

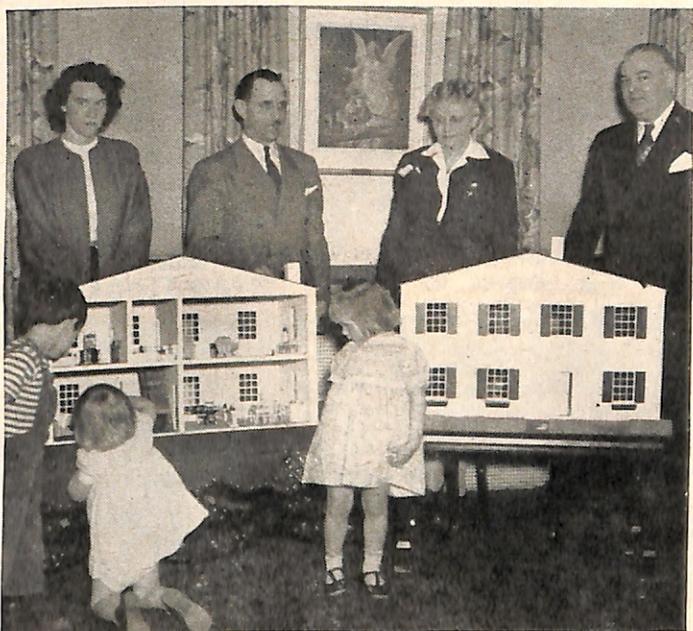
Officers and members of the new Reidsville, N.C., Lodge are pictured at the lodge's institution, with Past State Pres. B. A. Whitmire, a former member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and P.D.D.'s Thad Eure and W. G. Carrington.



1. ALLENTOWN, PA.



2. PHOENIX, ARIZ.



3. OAK PARK, ILL.



4. REIDSVILLE, N. C.

NEWS OF THE SUBORDINATE LODGES

1

Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis of Anaheim, Calif., Lodge visits his neighbors at San Fernando, Calif., Lodge and is photographed with the officers at that branch of Elkdom.

2

Here are new Elks and their installing officers at the institution of Logan, Utah, Lodge.

3

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert, sixth from left, is pictured with P.E.R.'s of Lowville, N.Y., Lodge when he presented an Elks National Foundation Certificate to that Lodge.

4

An impressive photograph taken at the Irvine Bowl when Laguna Beach, Calif., Lodge was instituted at a well-attended outdoor ceremony.

5

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson addresses a group of Elks at Evanston, Ill., Lodge when Col. Harry Taylor of the Fifth Army presented a Presidential Citation to that lodge.

6

These boys comprise the Midget Baseball League Team, an activity sponsored by Boise, Ida., Lodge.

7

E.R. Henry J. Tarantino (third from left), presents an oxygen tent, a resuscitator and a cardiograph to the Emergency Hospital on behalf of the members of Annapolis, Md., Lodge.

8

Here are the members of the Ritualistic Team of Everett, Mass., Lodge which won the National Championship at the Grand Lodge Convention with the fine score of 97.7996%.

9

Past Grand Exalted Rulers John R. Coen and Bruce A. Campbell and their wives, are pictured with members and ladies of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge when they paid a surprise visit to that part of our country after the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Ore.

10

These fine young people are some of those who are entertained each month at a dance and refreshment party given by Dayton, Ohio, Lodge.

11

E.R. Rudolph Noedlechen, center, looks on as members of the U. S. Army Air Forces observe the 40th Anniversary of its foundation through the courtesy of Hempstead, N.Y. Lodge. All these servicemen are members of the Order. James Niland, Past Pres. of the N.Y. Elks Assn., is in white.

12

Officers of Winchester, Mass., Lodge are pictured with a class they initiated into the Order not long ago.



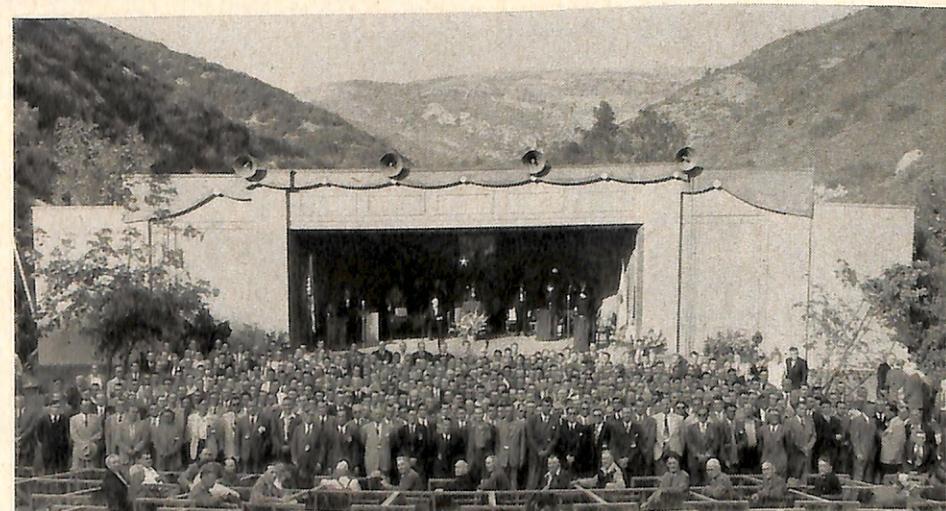
1. SAN FERNANDO, CALIF.



2. LOGAN, UTAH



3. LOWVILLE, N. Y.



4. LAGUNA BEACH, CALIF.



5. EVANSTON, ILL.



6. BOISE, I.DA.



7. ANNAPOLIS, MD.



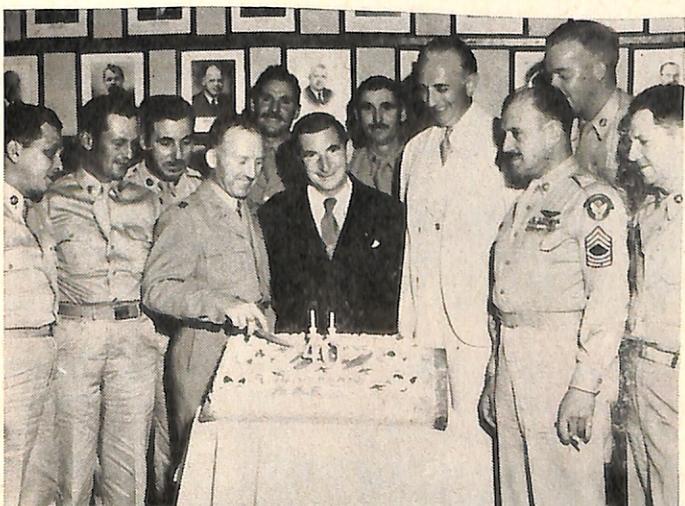
8. EVERETT, MASS.



9. JUNEAU, ALASKA



10. DAYTON, OHIO



11. HEMPSTEAD, N. Y.



12. WINCHESTER, MASS.

Editorial

Memorial Services



HE MOST touching and impressive ceremony of the Order of Elks is the Memorial Service, held each year upon the first Sunday in December.

The ceremony goes back to the year 1870, when New York Lodge, then the only lodge of the Order, held a public service in memory of an absent Brother. It became an annual custom of the lodge, and as the Order grew it was adopted by other lodges until its observance became general. There was, however, no uniformity of observance, or of the date upon which it was held, until 1889 when the Grand Lodge fixed the first Sunday in each December as Memorial Day, prescribed a Ritual and made its observance an obligation of all lodges.

No ceremony has done more to upbuild the Order than this annual service "In Memoriam". It presents to the people of our communities the finer side of Elkdom, and its appealing sentiment has inspired many to seek membership. It symbolizes the dreams of our founders of a brotherhood extending beyond the grave, and the hope inherent in all human kind "to live in the hearts of those we leave behind".

The first Sunday in December is not far away. It is not too early to begin preparations for Memorial Day. A good speaker, an Elk who knows whereof he speaks, perfect rendition of the Ritual, and a program of appropriate music, are essential to its success.

The standard of the annual Memorial Service must not be lowered. Its observance goes back to the foundation of the Order. Its sentiment is woven into its very fabric. Each night we pause at the "hour of eleven" to toast our absent Brothers; once each year we ask the people to join in this toast as we publicly renew our pledge that "an Elk is never forgotten".

Lest We Forget



N OCCASIONAL reminder of the work the Elks National Veterans Service Commission is doing in its particular field may not be necessary, but people are prone to forget those things that are not constantly before them, and the wounded veteran confined

within the walls of a hospital far from the contemporary scene may easily be forgotten as the world rushes by.

Readers of *The Elks Magazine* who have followed the reports of the Elks Veterans Service Commission know that the Order has not forgotten those who did not forget to serve

"TO INculcate the PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

during our Country's need, and must feel a thrill of pride in their membership in a Fraternity that is doing so much to make life a little brighter for those men and women for whom the war will never end.

Today the Veterans Service Commission has an organization of forty-one State Associations carrying on varied programs of veterans' entertainment in one hundred and fifty-two hospitals. Each program is arranged to suit best the needs of the institution it serves, and is flexible enough to be adapted to any change in patient personnel.

For many organizations devoted to the welfare of men and women of the armed forces, the war is over. Not so with the Elks, and to insure the continuance of the hospital program, an item is included in the budget of the current year that will provide funds to carry on.

The Elks will not forget as long as there is a veteran to be served.

Vacation's Over



ACATION TIME is over, and it is the hope of *The Elks Magazine* that every member of the Order found time during the summer for rest and recreation, and that he comes back to his usual vocation better fitted to handle the problems that lie ahead, and in the mood to plunge into the activities of his lodge with a zest and vigor that will make the present year outstanding in all things pertaining to Elkdom.

October marks the real beginning of the winter's activities. Committees should now be organized, and a well-rounded program of coming events ready to go forward. The months between now and the end of the lodge year are the most active, and give the Exalted Ruler the opportunity to exercise the qualities of leadership attributed to him when he was chosen for his office. The chair officers are also on parade, particularly in their exemplification of the Ritual. A major part of the year's success will depend upon the ritualistic work of the officers; they must not let the lodge down.

October is the important month when "dues are due". A vigorous collection campaign at the outset is the best preventative of lapsations. And, by the way, any Brother who reads this and whose card indicates dues paid only to October 1st, 1947, may send his check to the Secretary of his lodge now.

The year ending March 31, 1947 was the Order's greatest year. This will be a better year if the officers and members of subordinate lodges will give to it the same zeal, enthusiasm and devotion to the principles of Elkdom they gave to the year recently closed.



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YES, SHE FELL ONCE — CABLE BROKE — THIS IS HER FIRST APPEARANCE SINCE

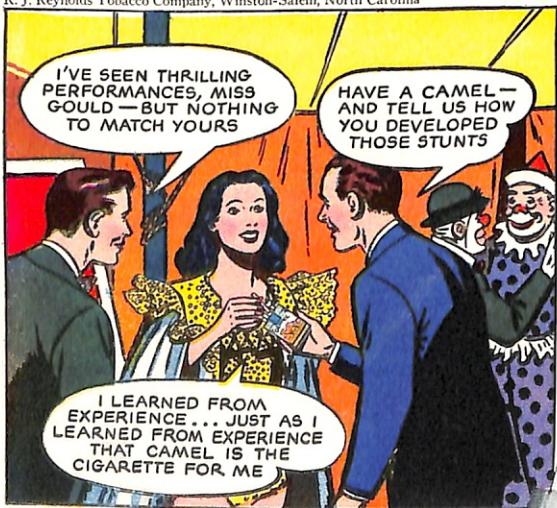
SHE'S GETTING READY FOR THE DIVE NOW

FROM 75 FEET UP — WITH NO NET...

...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!

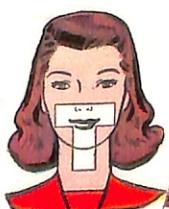
— STOPPED BY THE ROPES AROUND HER ANKLES — ONLY THREE FEET FROM THE GROUND!

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